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The Sketch

No. 2324—Vol. CLXXIX. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1937. ONE SHILLING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.

WIFE OF THE COMPOSER OF "KING PEST" FOR THE PROMS.

MRS. CONSTANT LAMBERT *is the wife of Mr. Constant Lambert, the distinguished English composer, who will conduct his Rondo Burlesca "King Pest (Summer's Last Will and Testament)" at the Promenade Concert on Thursday, August 19. Our fine camera-study suggests, both in pose and quality, one of Mr. Gerald Brockhurst's distinguished portraits, examples of which have often been reproduced in "The Sketch."*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

GIVE AND TAKE.

"YOU get out of life what you put into it." It sounds very nice, very just, very reasonable; but the facts, at first sight, seem to be all against it. Life may or may not be a mere gamble, as cynics say; but there is one thing which it certainly isn't—it is not a fixed-interest-bearing security. The world would be a very different place from what it is—very possibly it would be much duller than it is—if reward were always equal to effort. There are, unfortunately, large numbers of human beings who honestly try to put a great deal into life and who don't seem to get much out of it. I say "seem"; for it is always possible—indeed, it is probable—that they get much more than appears to the observer. It is to be hoped so; for otherwise one's conclusions about the logic of things would be depressing.

But it is no use trying to be logical about the logic of things. This mortal span is not arranged on a strict principle of *quid pro quo*. The course of justice is frequently perverted by a corrupting influence called Luck. Philosophers say that there is no such thing; neither there is, of course, but it seems to go on happening all the same. Look at my experience this afternoon. I was swinging well, and I defy anybody to deny it—even my caddie admitted it, and he is a man not given to effusive compliment. There may have been an element of hook and slice now and then, but my drives were such that no ordinary human being (I am not referring to the Cottons and the Shutes, who are not human beings at all) need have been ashamed of them. And yet, whenever the ball got the slightest chance to do a nasty, mean little side-kick into a bunker, it invariably did so. A child could have seen that the thing was a deliberate conspiracy. On the other hand, my opponent—well, I will not comment on his style, except to say that he is *no golfer*, though I should hesitate to say that he is no gentleman; but every one of his topped drives skipped the hazards, and every one of his miserable, shaky putts wobbled into the hole. Justice? It is an open farce, not to say scandal, in such circumstances. I was putting far more into life than he was, but instead of getting anything out of it, I was five bob down on the match, half-a-crown on the bye, and a pint of shandy into the bargain. That 's life!

A VERY ODD "BIRDIE!"

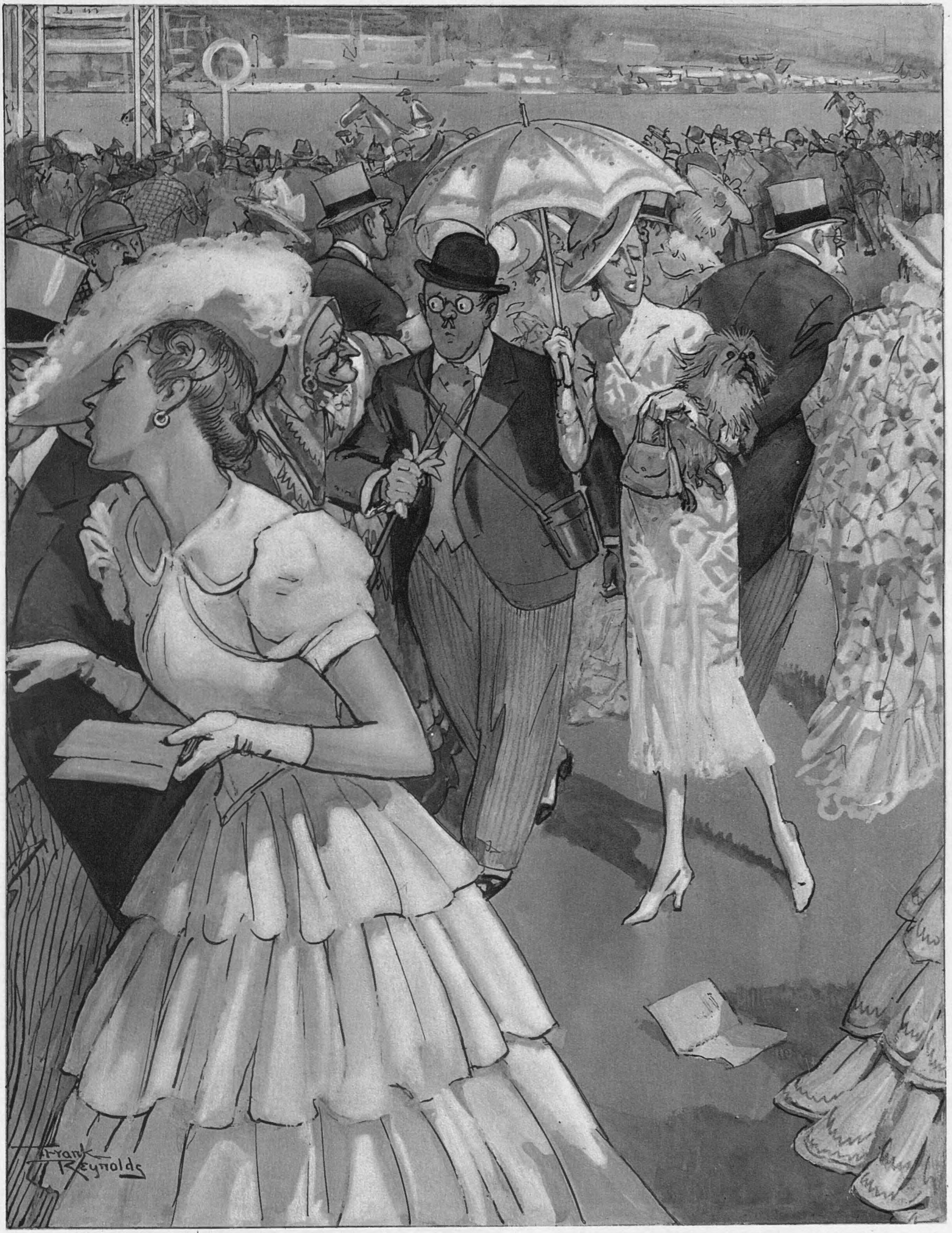
DRAWN BY VICKY.

That well-known prig, Cassius, no doubt, would say: "It 's no use blaming the stars, dear Brutus—your head came up with a jerk." That is a mere quibble, the truth being that men are divided into two classes, the bunker-catchers and the bunker-dodgers; and it does often seem to be written in the stars (as well as in the club handicap list) to which class they belong. There are other fundamental relationships of life, besides golf, in which it seems very dubious whether you take out as much as you put in. The principle does not invariably hold good, for example, on the turf, or in investments which are highly recommended by People who Know, or even in love. If every artist got as much (either in reputation or reward or even in his own satisfaction) as he puts into his book or picture or poem, or whatever it may be, the world would be teeming with masterpieces—which, perhaps, would be almost too much joy. According to publishers, there are already more masterpieces than any ordinary person, with only twenty-four hours to his day, can ever hope to read. For myself, I don't think I could face any more, especially as most of them run to at least a thousand pages.

No, life's ledger does not always, or even often, balance so as to satisfy the auditors. But, after all, the account that really matters is not made up of the obvious, calculable ledger-items, such as success, wealth, and achievement on the one side, and the knocks and disappointments of life on the other. In the long run, there are only two decisive factors which have the power to make life happy or miserable; one is a man's own inner condition (not excluding his innard condition!), and the second is his relationships with other persons. The "inside self"—the real, concealed *core* of a human being—is too big a subject for present discussion; but in the more tangible matter of "human relations" (they have professorships in the subject nowadays!) we often need a reminder that a process of give-and-take, debit and credit, is constantly necessary.

Friendship is a plant which will not flourish without attention, nurture, and conscious effort. A great many people make the mistake of letting it take care of itself, which is equivalent to letting it wither; for it is not a weed, but a flower. There are few things which trouble the conscience more than drifting apart from old friends; why does it so often happen? Sometimes, it is true, through inevitable circumstances—because people's lives diverge completely through distance or circumstances. More often, however, it happens because one party or the other is not prepared to take enough trouble. We all know people who are charming and friendly and even welcoming whenever we go out of our way to seek their company; but they never exert themselves to make the slightest effort in return. They sit and wait for their friends to ring the door-bell. The time comes when their friends grow tired of always taking the initiative. And then these people, being perfectly amiable and well-disposed, wonder why their friends drop away from them. They do not realise that lazy friends are not friends at all.

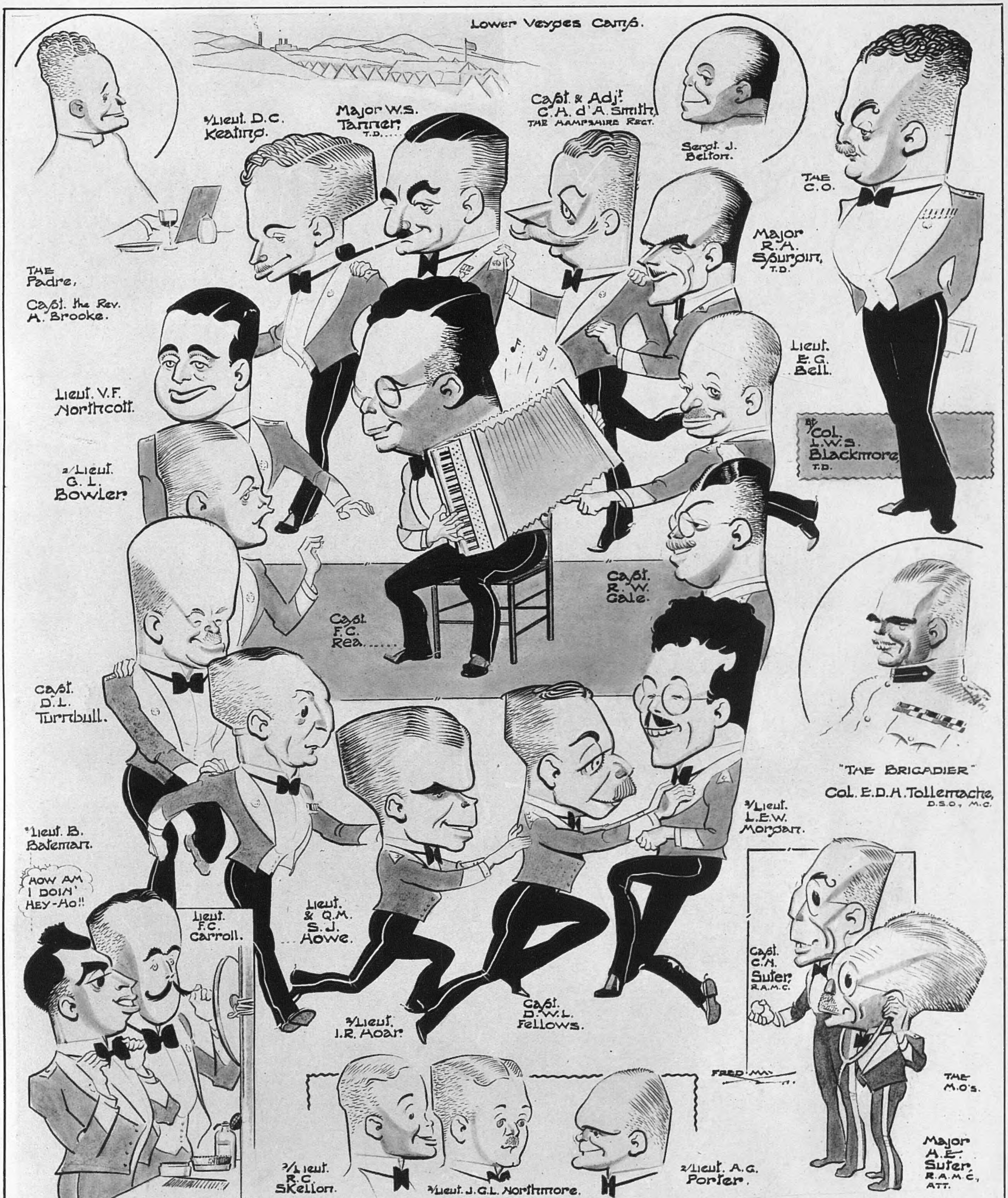
You have to be very attractive indeed—more attractive than is vouchsafed to ordinary mortals—to be a social taker without being also a giver. If you have a valued social asset—above all, if you are "amusing"—you will be in demand, and you will be forgiven almost anything; and then it is very flattering to your vanity to be able to pick and choose and to be the sought-after rather than the seeker. But if you think that because people want you more than you want them, you can therefore take without giving, a horrid disillusionment awaits you. The day will come when you are no longer as charming, or as decorative, or as famous, or as amusing as you used to be; and then you will find others exactly as indifferent or as ruthless to you as you have been to them. In this matter of personal esteem, as in more mundane matters, it is wise to insure against old age; and you can only insure, in a mercenary world, by paying the premiums regularly all your life.



THE BRISTLEWOODS.

Mr. Bristlewood is told that he has a lucky face.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

THE SIXTH HAMPSHIRES.

THE 6TH (DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S OWN) BATTALION, THE HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT, T.A., *has its H.Q. at Portsmouth. The sketches were made on a guest night at Lower Veges Camp, Exmouth, during the annual training. The 6th is one of the many battalions of the T.A. which originated in the great volunteer wave of the nineteenth century. The Duke of Connaught is Honorary Colonel. The battalion sent a contingent to the South African War, as did many other volunteer regiments. Shortly after the outbreak of war in 1914 it was sent to India to relieve regular troops for France. Its later war history includes part of the desert campaign in Mesopotamia.*

THE JERSEY—CHERRILL WEDDING RECEPTION.

LADY JOAN COLVILLE, *sister of the bridegroom, attended the reception at Osterley Park after the marriage of the Earl of Jersey and Miss Virginia Cherrill. She is with her children,* SARAH ANNE *and* CATHERINE.

LADY ANN ELLIOT, *formerly Lady Ann Child-Villiers, and her husband,* MR. ALEXANDER ELLIOT, *were among the relatives present at the reception after Lord Jersey's marriage to Miss Cherrill.*

The marriage of the EARL OF JERSEY *to* MISS VIRGINIA CHERRILL, *the young screen actress, took place in London, and was followed by a reception at the bridegroom's historic seat, Osterley Park, Isleworth. Here Lord and Lady Jersey are seated by the lily pond with a favourite dog wearing a wedding favour in his collar.*

Right: The HON. MANSEL CHILD-VILLIERS, *brother of the bridegroom, and his wife, formerly Miss Barbara Frampton attended the reception after the wedding.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWAEBE.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

WHILE fishing near Oxford in an old clay-pit which had been stocked with roach, chub, etc., a friend of Mr. Ian M. Hay landed a strange fish weighing 10¼ oz. The owner of the pond was as puzzled as Mr. Hay and his friend about the fish and no one to whom it was shown was able to clear up the mystery. Eventually it was posted to me, but as I happened to be away the parcel was forwarded to Mr. J. R. Norman at the Natural History Museum. He identified it as *Ambloplites rupestris*, an American species commonly known as the red-eyed sun-fish. They are imported extensively into Europe as aquarium fish and have bred over here. There is good reason to think that they have bred in the clay-pit at Oxford, as Mr. Hay has written since, stating that he has caught and returned quite a number of them.

This splendid SEA-TROUT, WEIGHING 12½ LB., *was killed on the Aurland River, Norway, by Mr. T. B. Thomas, who, like his father, Mr. W. H. Thomas, has won many accuracy events at casting tournaments. Mr. Thomas hooked this big sea-trout while spinning, and it took him down half a mile through heavy water before it was gaffed. He had many other good sea-trout on fly, but none as large as this.*

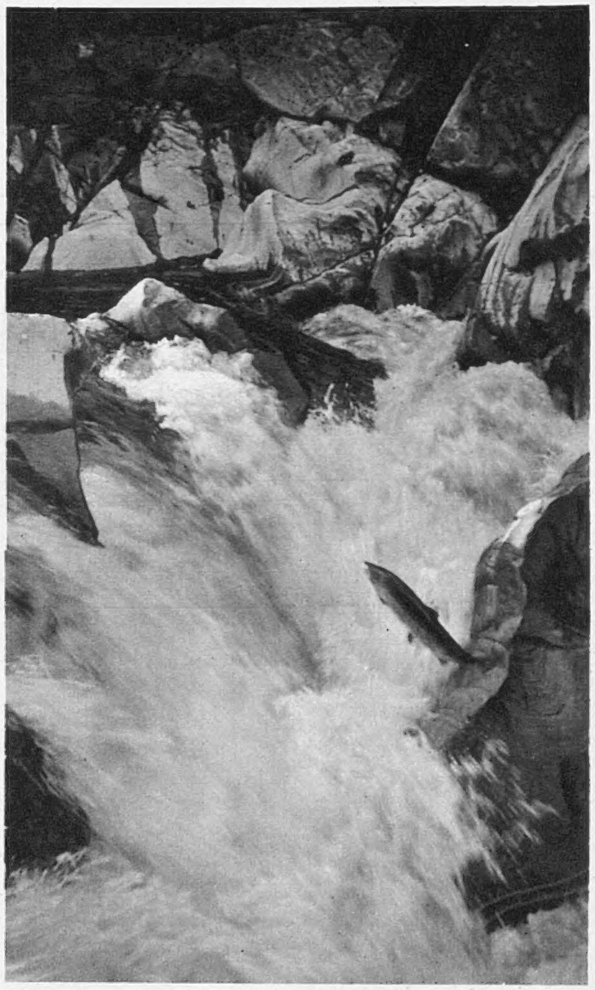
"A Trout Fisherman."

Having passed the tender age of four-score years and having 70 years' angling experience to fortify his views, Lt.-Col. J. C. Eaton, V.D., has written his first angling book. Its title, "A Trout Fisherman," sums up the author as well as the book, for though Col. Eaton has a good word to say for coarse fishing, his chief joy in life is to catch trout on a fly of his own making. For forty years he has made all his own flies and is still making them at over 80 years of age. His observations on the habits of trout and grayling, the effects of weather conditions on their feeding, and in general on fishing tackle and tactics, are interesting and occasionally provocative. He relates stories of curious encounters with poachers and records many pleasing incidents he has witnessed, such as the sight of a dipper teaching its three youngsters to dive after shrimps. As they refused to follow her example, they were pushed in one after the other and then fed with shrimps by the mother. On the same day, Colonel Eaton narrowly escaped being drowned as a mill sluice was opened while he was fishing just below, and he was swept off his feet, but fortunately managed to grasp a branch and was rescued by a friend. His brother, Lt.-Col. E. Eaton, can boast only 50 years' angling experience and has a proper respect for his elder brother's superiority as a trout fisherman and a fly-dresser; but he has something to say on the management of trout streams. This appears as an addendum to the book. His latest fishery, a stretch on the West Lyn, he has turned into a well-stocked trout stream, which he permits anglers to fish at a moderate charge.

Salmon in the Kentish Stour. Over three years ago I recorded in *The Sketch* that examination of the scales of large fish found dead in the Kentish Stour proved that these fish were salmon kelts and that in all probability Izaak Walton's famous "Fordidge Trout" were, in fact, salmon. Since then occasional specimens have been reported, and a few weeks ago Mr. J. H. K. Blundell, Chairman of the Canterbury and District Angling Association, sent me some scales from a 15½-lb. fish which was found just below Fordwich, practically dead and with a large deep cut near the tail. Mr. Blundell thinks this cut may have been sustained at Sturry Mills and doubtless occasioned the death of the fish. The scales were examined by Mr. J. Arthur Hutton, who reported that it was a large spring salmon which had not spawned before. This fish was not a kelt but had evidently been in the river a long time, judging by its poor condition. Recently, Mr. Marsh, of Farlow's, telephoned me, asking if I would care to see a big fish which had been taken from the Stour. I went round straight away, and Mr. Marsh told me that the fish had been sent for preservation by Mr. C. C. Williamson of the Stour Fishery Association. Apparently it was the biggest fish that had been taken from their water and, believing it to be a sea-trout, they decided to have it set up. The fish was not a handsome specimen, being very black and in poor condition. It looked like a salmon to me, and this was soon proved to be the case, as the number of scales counting forward in diagonal direction from the base of the adipose fin to the lateral line was ten, whereas the number in sea trout is fourteen or fifteen. The difference in the number of scales in the position described is so well defined that there is no reason to doubt its reliability as a means of distinguishing salmon from trout or sea-trout.

Are Fish Intelligent? Do fish become "educated" or is their apparent intelligence in rejecting an artificial fly or a bait merely instinct or accident? Naturally an angler is inclined to credit the fish with almost supernatural cleverness if he fails to catch it, but the scientist, under no obligation to defend his skill and ingenuity, is less respectful to the fish. Mr. P. M. B. Allen, in "Trout Heresy," quoted Von Baer as stating that a bee is as highly organised an animal as a fish. Mr. Allen, for his part, asserted that a trout knows no more about the purpose of his behaviour and the ultimate achievement than a steamer knows that it is carrying passengers from London to America. Let Mr. Allen and others who deny the intelligence of fish explain the following: Mr. F. W. Arnold, of Cambridge, informs me that two years ago, on the Great Ouse at Brown's Staunch, Over, Cambridgeshire, a dredger was at work for some months. During this time good sport was always to be had as fish collected below the dredger, attracted by the abundance of food. When the work was completed the dredger was floated downstream for a distance of three miles, and Mr. Arnold states that an enormous shoal of fish, chiefly roach and bream, followed it down. He and other anglers who knew of this migration found that the fish were not too intelligent to take their baits and they had first-class sport.

R. L. MARSTON.



Here is a very fine snapshot of A SALMON LEAPING THE FALLS OF STRUAN, *on the Garry River, Perthshire. The falls are some 20 feet high, and some of the fish which were attempting to leap them must have been in the neighbourhood of twenty-pounders.*

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.

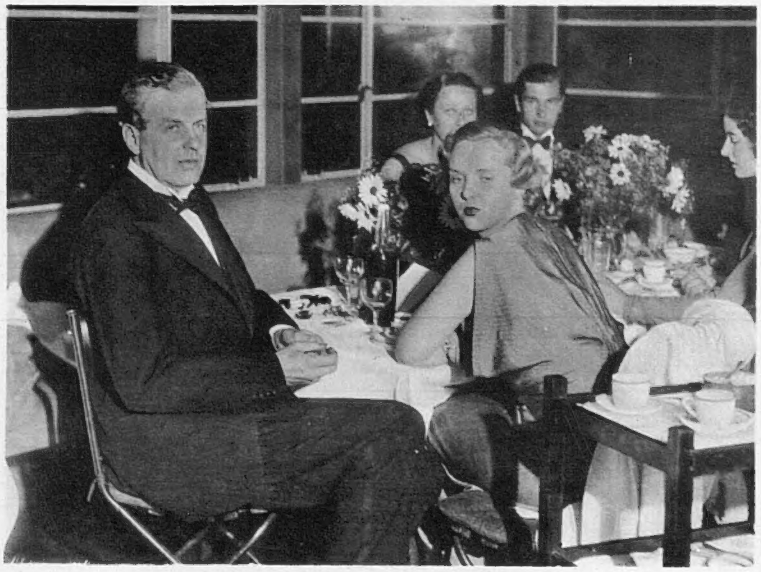
VENICE IN KENT: LORD DARNLEY'S GONDOLA PARTY.

The Earl of Darnley brought Venice to Kent last week when he entertained friends at a Gala Gondola Party at Laughing Water, Cobham. This group shows MRS. JOHN KNIGHT *(left) and other guests, including* COMMANDER NESBIT, MRS. BOULTON, *and* COMMANDER JAMES.

LADY MARGUERITE STRICKLAND, *married daughter of the host, and her husband,* MR. CLAUD STRICKLAND, *posed in one of the gondolas, with the Chief Petty Officer of H.M.S. "Pembroke" as gondolier.*

MRS. PROCTER *was one of the guests.*

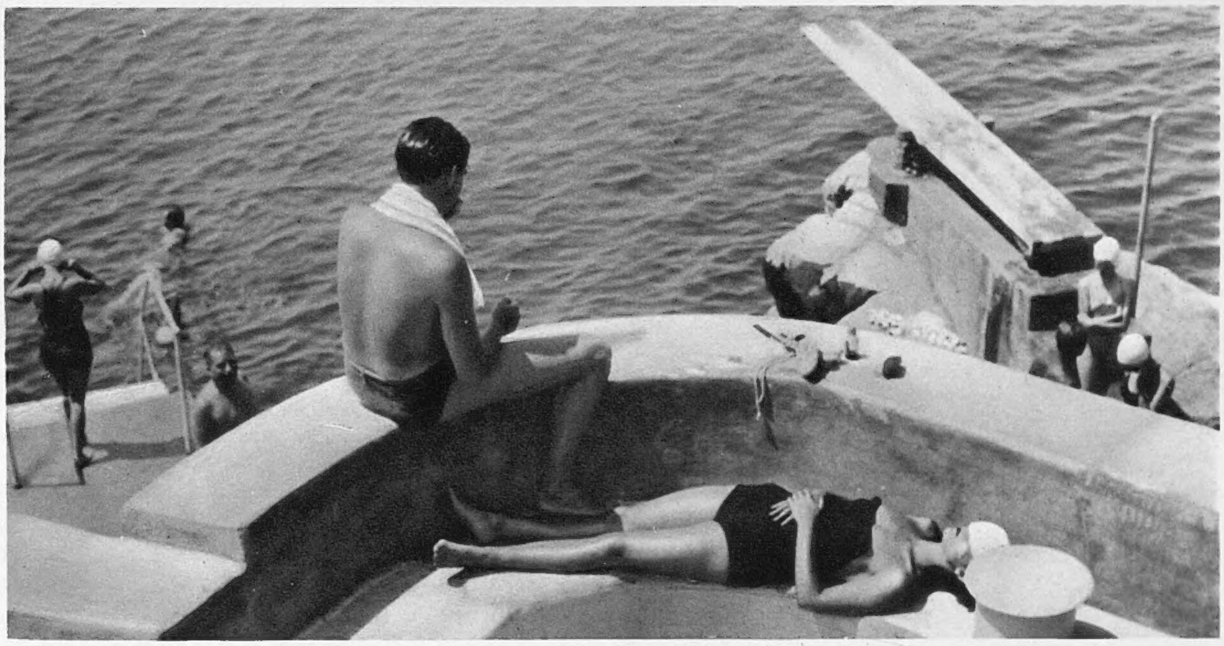
MISS CONGDEN *and* MISS EVELYN RENNIE *were snapped when crossing the lake in one of the specially constructed "gondolas" arranged for the party.*



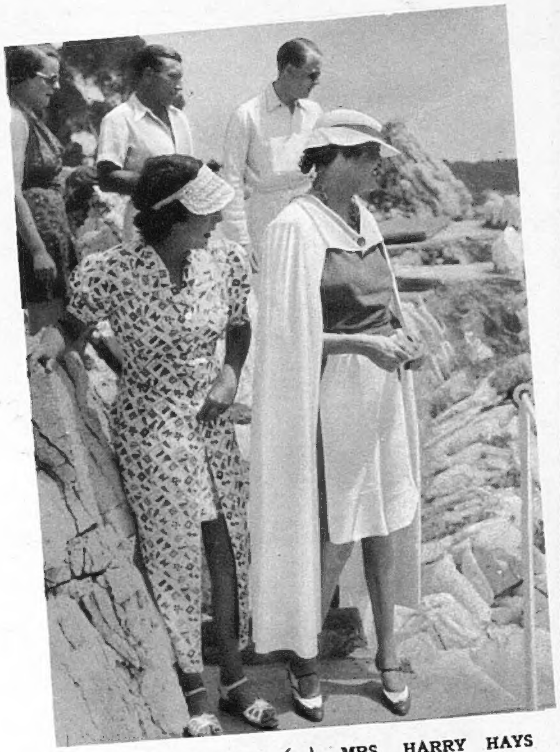
The EARL OF DARNLEY, *ninth holder of the title, is seen at supper with* MISS ROSEMARY POTTER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE.

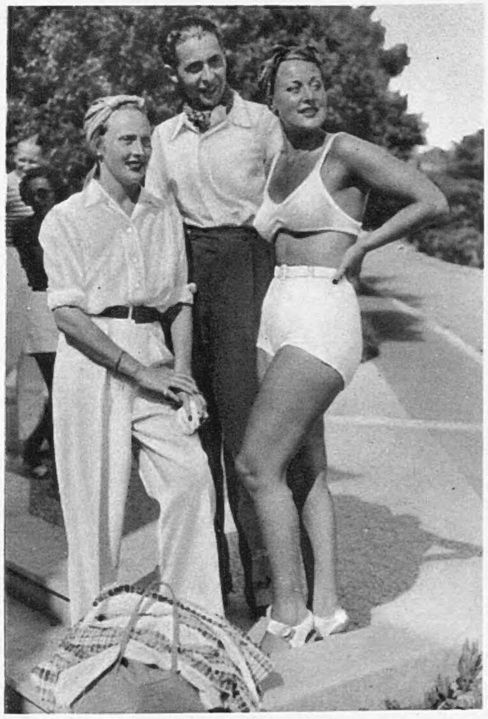
ANTIBES AND EDEN ROC HOLIDAY-MAKERS.



A study of perfect peace from the balcony at Eden Roc. MR. CLAIRE O'RORKE *is looking out thoughtfully to sea and* MRS. O'RORKE, *formerly Miss Tunie Karri-Davies, is taking a sunbath.*

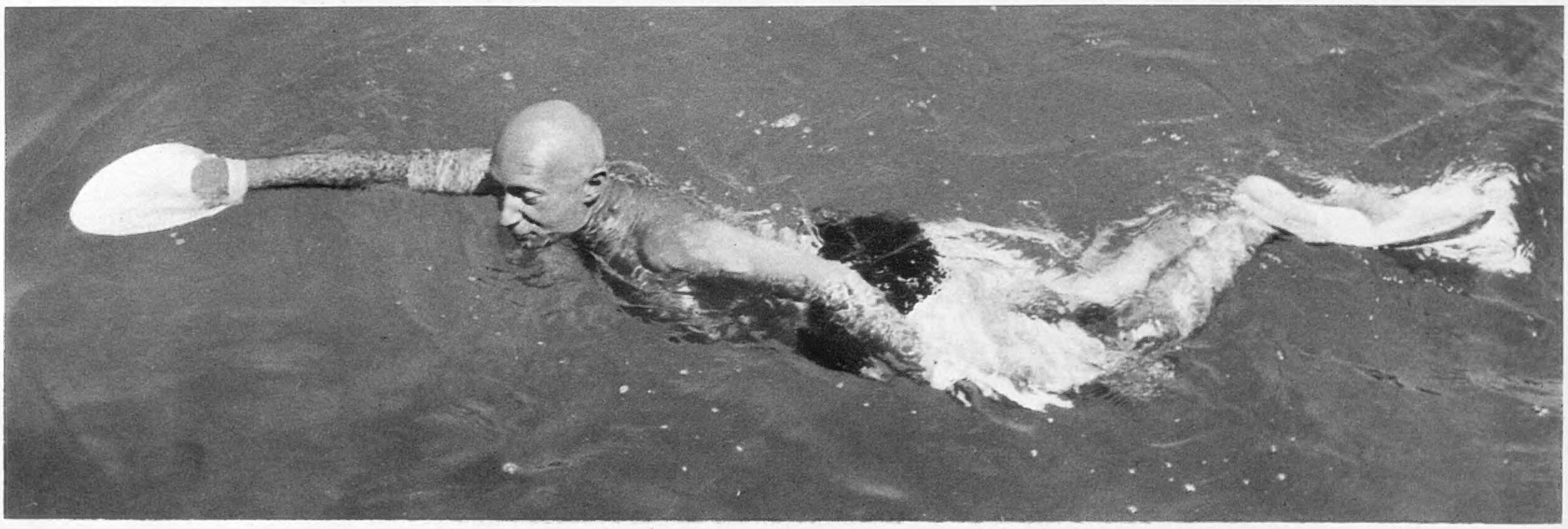


MRS. CARTWRIGHT *(r.)*, MRS. HARRY HAYS MORGAN, MR. DAVID LOOKER, PRINCE SERGE ASSIEWSKY, *and* MISS BETTY HARBORD *on the private beach of Mrs. Cartwright's villa.*



MME. WOLF, MR. RONNIE JARVIS, *the young English racing motorist, and* MLLE. AMY CHAGNON *are the smiling trio in this Antibes picture. Bright coloured bandeaux and turbans are "in" this year.*

MR. JACK HEATON, *the U.S. Olympic Cresta rider, has been six weeks at Antibes and achieved a formidable tan. He is with* MME. "BABY" UNZUE, *whose yellow shorts suit her blonde beauty.*



MR. HARRY HAYS MORGAN *is swimming with his new rubber gloves and webbed socks. With these a non-swimmer can keep up indefinitely in the buoyant and warm Mediterranean water. Incidentally, Mr. Morgan is a very fine swimmer.*

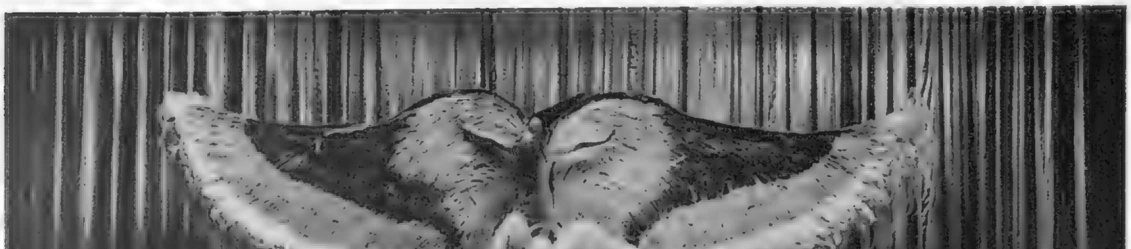
SPEED, SPRAY, AND SUN!

Water ski-ing provides Monte Carlo visitors with plenty of big thrills. ANTON DOLIN, *the famous dancer, and* BELITA JEPSON TURNER, *fourteen-year-old pupil of Mr. Dolin, and skating expert, have the balance and athletic power required to enjoy this new sport. We need hardly point out that the building in the background is the Monte Carlo Casino.*

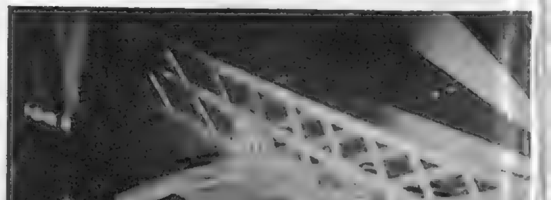
" NUITS DE FOLIES," which opens at the London Casino on August 10, comes direct from a record run at the French Casino, New York. Here the AMBASSADOR OF GREECE (Peggy Bryer) has answered the call of France to the Exhibition of 1937.

" AU BONHEUR DES
items in three scenes repre-
and Perfumes. This shows
dancers dressed

AMBASSADORS,
AND SOUTHERN BIRD



" THE BIRD OF THE SOUTHERN ISLANDS " is a dance extravaganza. The Bird is Pamela Devorne, posed on what appear to be tiers of ostrich feathers, which hide twenty-one girls. Betty Bruce, American tap-dancing star, emerges and gives a speciality, " The Flower of Mexico."

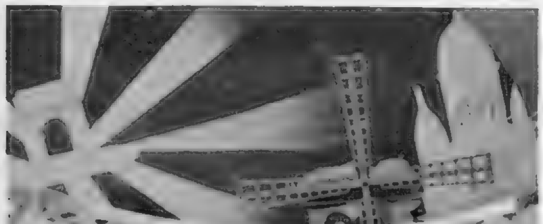


" SYNTHESIS OF PARIS, 1937 " is the title of this
world to the Exhibition and the Nations answering
in this photograph. The dance extravaganza,

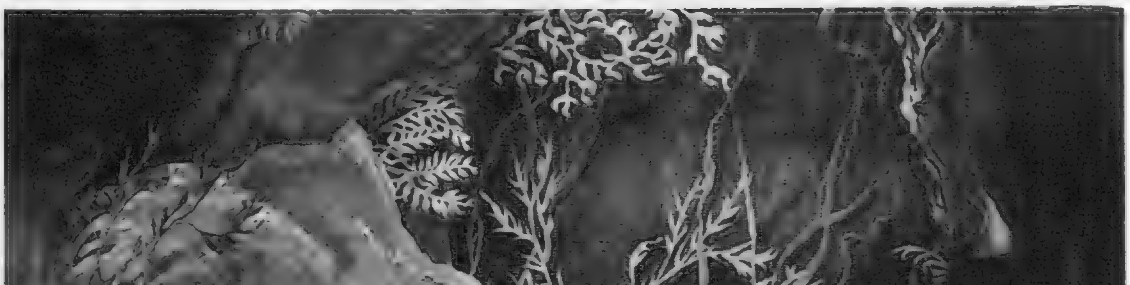
DAMES" is one of the senting Furs, Feathers, the Feathers, with the as Swans.

THE AMBASSADOR OF INDIA (Ann Martin) has answered the call of France to the Nations, bidding them attend the Paris Exhibition, and is seen with the tigers and elephants associated with her country.

SEA - HORSES, OF "NUITS DE FOLIES."



scene. The revue opens with France inviting the the call; and continues with the number illustrated "Bird of the Southern Islands," comes next.



"A DRAMA AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA" is a spectacular under-water ballet in which Kay Young appears as Queen of the Seas and Feral Benga as a coloured pearl-diver. The girls in our photograph represent sea-horses and octopi.

TALES WITH A STING.

VARMINTS.

By J. ALLAN DUNN.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

THE old mare came to the poles of the corral and gently butted Munson as he scratched her under the jaw.

"Reckon you better stay in the shed ter-night," he said. "There 's varmints abroad, four-legged an' two."

Munson was both trapper and miner. Game and mineral were both getting scarce, but he could still live off the land, now and then collecting bounties for varmints: puma, bear and wolf. He was rheumatic and could not see as well as he used to. But he was still active, and independent as a broomtail stallion. The love of life was strong within him. The thought of having to be cared for bothered him whenever he considered it—oftener of late.

He went to his cool bank-cellar, where he had a blacktail buck hanging, butchered a slab of the savoury venison and took it to the cabin. That was built of mortised logs, chinked with clay and moss. It held a cast-iron stove for cooking and heat, there was a built-in bunk, a use-all table, two home-made chairs, a bearskin on the floor.

As he set down the meat he glanced at the reward poster on the wall, beneath a rifle racked on antlers. It had a picture of "Playboy" Regan, a description, a record. Highwayman, bank-robber, killer of women as well as men. Escaped from jail in the next county.

It was a young face, good-looking, save for the eyes, that looked cold, crafty and contemptuous, the lecherous, greedy mouth.

"Varmint!" Munson had the hermit's habit of talking to himself aloud. "With a bounty of five thousan' dollars. Wal, he aint li'ble to come *my* way."

But he had a brief flash of what that bounty might mean. An easy life-end in the Miners' Home, old cronies and veterans of the trail to keep interest alive. Not charity!

He took a long, narrow-bladed knife from the rack. Presently, he was going to eat. There were peeled potatoes in a pan of water, biscuits to be warmed over with a pot of coffee, sowbelly, honey for sweetening.

"Playboy" Regan peered from a clump of willows by the spring, surveying the corral, the cabin into which he had seen Munson disappear with the venison.

The sight of the meat set him slavering. He was hungry. His face was haggard and stubbled. The chase had come close and he was desperate. His clothes were stained and snagged, his boots worn and split, and he had a flesh-hole in one heel.

He had money, taken from the *cache* he had made after the last bank stick-up, but it was "hot," and he dared not venture into a settlement to buy anything. He knew the reward posters were plastered all over the States. The crafty look deepened in his eyes, pale-blue, ophidian, inhuman, utterly cruel.

Meat! His mouth watered, his belly crawled for it.

He slunk to the cabin. The door was open, the old man's back turned to him. Regan had the gun smuggled in to him for his jail-break. Only two cartridges left.

"*Stick 'em up!*"

Munson turned, slowly raising his hands to the level of his shoulders, letting the knife drop to the floor. He looked at the backed rifle. His ·45 was holstered, hanging from the headpost of his bunk. Both out of reach.

Regan's eyes blazed like shallow cups of burning alcohol.

"Guess you know who I am," he snarled. "Act right, an' I 'll go easy. Get fresh, an' you 'll never cook another meal, after this one you 're goin' to fix for me. Get busy. Fry me that meat, fix anything else you got."

He closed the door behind him with one hand, while the other held his gun.

"Not this meat, son," stalled Munson, calculating chances, finding them slim. "I——"

"Shut up. Put it on the fire, damn you! I 'll do all the talkin'. One more peep out of you, an' I 'll put a slug into your guts. Make it rare. Snap into it."

Munson saw the hammer of Regan's gun lifting. He shrugged his shoulders and busied himself at the stove.

"It 's done enough," Regan rapped suddenly. "Set it on the table with coffee, an' them biscuits."

Munson obeyed in silence.

"Set in that other chair, back to me, hands behind it."

There was a rawhide lariat on a nail. Regan yanked it down, cut it in half, and trussed Munson so he could not move.

"Now, you old beast," snarled Regan, "you 'll stay put while I eat."

"Them taters ain't even b'iled yit, son. Don't blame me if the grub don't set good on your stummick. I——"

Regan went into a paroxysm of fury. He slapped Munson's face, right and left, caught up a dishcloth, ripped off a strip and stuffed it into Munson's mouth, tied the rest of it about the gag.

"Told you what I 'd do if you talked. Before I go, I 'll *do* it. I 'll leave you plugged in the belly, with your beard afire."

Munson watched him with eyes steady, hard as the points of steel drills, while Regan cut the meat into gobs, bolted them, swilling coffee, dunking biscuits; ravenously.

Suddenly he clutched at his stomach. It seemed on fire, burning his vitals. His mouth went dry, sweat broke out all over him, he could not move his jaws.

"What you put in this?" he asked through clenched teeth, of the man who could not answer. Then he retched, twisting and convulsed, blindly groping for his gun on the table. He fell on his face, writhing like a tined frog, arched on head and heels, stiffening—then still, with foam on the sneering lips that were set in a snarl.

The deputy sheriff rode up after dark. He had a hunch something was wrong when he failed to see a light in the cabin. He slid from his horse, kicked open the door and switched on his flashlight, seeing two men lying on the floor, motionless.

Munson had worked at his bonds until the chair toppled. He made muffled sounds as the deputy released him, helped him up. He hobbled over to his lamp, lit it with fingers numb from lack of circulation.

The deputy turned the rigored body of Regan.

"By God!" he cried. "'Playboy' Regan! How you kill him, Munson; an' you hogtied?"

"*He killed himself.* There was a cougar prowlin' round last night. After my mare. I was fixin' a chunk of deermeat with strychnine fer the varmint, when thet two-legged skunk sneaked in an' held me up. Made me cook the meat fer him. I tried to warn him, spite of what he was, but he bound an' gagged me. I watched him die. It warn't pleasant. But he sure helped hisself to it."

The deputy nodded at the poster.

"He sure helped you to five thousan' dollars."

"By Almighty! I plumb forgot thet."

"You 're settin' pritty. I 'll ride back an' git the boys. Think you 'll be all right?"

"Sure. I got to see is the mare safe in the shed, an' fix more meat fer the cougar varmint."

"Hope you git it. Only twenty dollars fer pumas. Five thousan' fer this cuss on the floor."

"Water b'iled out of them taters," mumbled Munson. "Like to ruin the pot."

He spoke to cover what he felt. He had been humbled. Now he was exalted. He was getting old—but there was the Miners' Home. Not charity. Prepaid.

[THE END]

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

ANNABELLA AS LADY MARGUERITE AT HER EMBROIDERY FRAME.

ANNABELLA, *the beautiful young French film-star, plays Lady Marguerite, heroine of the New World screen version of Stanley J. Weyman's well-known novel* "UNDER THE RED ROBE," *which is shortly due for presentation at the New Gallery. Conrad Veidt plays opposite to her as Gil de Berault, the spy who fell in love with the sister of that rebel Duke whom Richelieu sent him to capture by guile.*

LORD NORTHBOURNE'S KENTISH UNIFORM

The HON. GWENLLIAN ELLEN JAMES *and her younger sister, the* HON. ELIZABETH SARAH JAMES, *eldest and second daughters of Lord and Lady Northbourne, are armed with hay-rakes, but what they are raking up from the lawn of their parents' Kentish home we cannot say!*

Here's a visitor, Viscount Acheson, elder son of the Earl

The different terraces of the garden have steps leading from one to another. Some of the brickwork in the flower-covered walls is 300 years old.

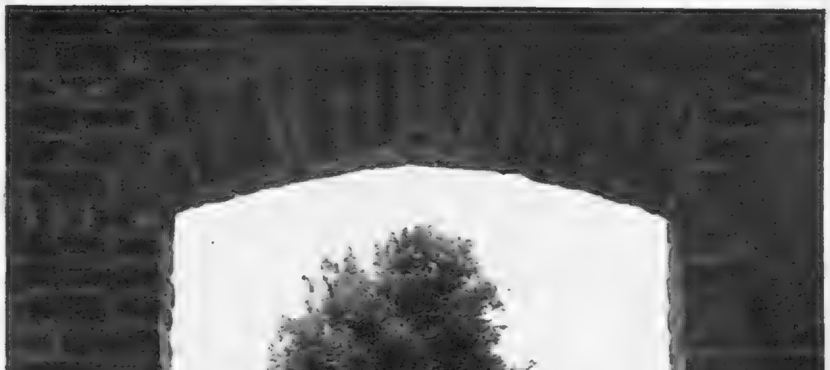
Right: From one of the higher levels you can look down on a picturesque old farm building and part of the kitchen garden.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

GARDEN OF MANY LEVELS BUT PERFECTION.

of Gosford, at the garden entrance of Northbourne Court, Deal.

Northbourne Court has a lovely garden laid out on several levels, the lowest having a lawn with a swimming-pool. Each terrace is surrounded by a brick wall in which flowery plants flourish. The photographs on these pages were taken in high mid-summer, when the garden is at the height of its beauty.



A flowery path framed in an old doorway. Lord Northbourne, owner of the garden, has a place in Northumberland as well as his Kentish seat. He is the fourth Baron and fifth Baronet.

Left: An impressive view of an Italian urn bearing classical subjects in the garden of Lord Northbourne's Kentish home.

BRECKENRIDGE

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

MRS. JACK BARCLAY *(left)*, LADY DOVERDALE *and* LORD DOVERDALE *were among those who went racing at Deauville during the Bank Holiday week-end. Lady Doverdale was Miss Audrey Pointing.*

"TRADITIONAL" has been the tag for every social function this year. Coronation Season was traditionally grand, crowded, brilliant and, let us admit it, rather tiring! It was also great fun for most of us. Cowes, on the other hand, hasn't been "traditional," though from the weather point of view it was brilliant. Their Majesties' absence, and no "Britannia," made a difference, and we missed the big class racing yachts a great deal. Yet, in its way, this untraditional Cowes was delightful. To begin with, the weather was simply perfect, which is a lot in Regatta time, when you remember the number of wet, grey "weeks" when we have gone down to the sea in yachts and wondered why we did it!

MAJOR ERNEST GUETERBOCK, R.E., *youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. Gueterbock, of Bowdon, Cheshire, married the* HON. CYNTHIA FOLEY, *younger daughter of Colonel F. W. Foley and of Baroness Berkeley of Collingwood Mount, Camberley, at St. Dunstan's Church, Cranford St. John.*

The sea on the opening day was like a sheet of silver. There were plenty of yachts about and enough light breeze in the Solent to fill their sails and make it all a charmingly animated picture. Among the white sails were many red wings and brown sails, and a little French yacht came in among them, its gentian-blue sails making the most attractive colour contrast.

. . .

The Royal Yacht Squadron was just the same as ever, with Lord Albemarle's scarlet upholstered chairs set out for him in their usual place. The Commodore and Lady Magdalen Williams-Bulkeley were, naturally, well to the fore, and had Mrs. Vivian Bulkeley-Johnson staying with them. Among the personalities I missed seeing up to the time of writing were Lady "Maggie's" famous Pekes, but doggy celebrities were not absent, for Lady Joan Colville was to be observed daily exercising her chow along the parade, for the R.Y.S., which, as everyone knows, is the most exclusive club in the world, won't allow dogs, however socially important, on its sacred lawns.

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The arrival of Lord and Lady Naas created a certain stir on Sunday, for, as you know, they were married on Saturday and must be the only well-known bride and bridegroom to choose to spend their honeymoon at Cowes during Regatta Week. When I was seated in the R.Y.S. Ladies' Annexe (a perfectly charming place much appreciated in bad weather, as hot baths are obtainable for cold, damp yachtswomen; and in fine, because of its restful and luxurious atmosphere and view over the Solent), Lady Naas walked in, enquired for a friend, and then wrote a note and gave her name to the maid as "Miss Haliburton-Wilson," having, no doubt, for the moment, forgotten her new style and title.

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Lord and Lady Dufferin stayed at Thornhill, the Ernest Guinness's place, where they had a party. The members of this gathering have been spending their time in bathing, lawn tennis, and dancing, as well as yachting. Lady Dufferin did not wear conventional yachting dress, but preferred flat hats showing her lovely golden hair through, and rather "dressy" white-and-blue frocks. I think her heels are the highest I know, but they don't impede her grace of movement, or make her walk as if she were on stilts or anything like that. Lord and Lady Stavordale and Lord and Lady O'Neill were members of this party. Lady Stavordale and Lady O'Neill are both good-looking women who dress in a very trim, neat style, which suits their types to perfection; and have been appearing in navy coats and skirts and tiny hats. Kitty Dunn, Sir Richard Sykes, Colin Davidson and "Eddie" Tatham are the other members of this company.

The HON. "SALLY" BANBURY, *only sister of Lord Banbury, looked smart at Deauville races in white with dark blue accessories.*

MLLE. TANAKA, *the Japanese singer who recently had a season at the Café de Paris, was snapped at Deauville races with* MR. CECIL LATTA, *son and heir of Sir John Latta, Bt.*

Lord and Lady Arran were at Cowes in "Amphitrite" and stayed aboard her nearly all the time, but many other yachting people came ashore for the different cocktail-parties in the afternoon, or gathered at the bar in the R.Y.S. grounds, which was much better patronised this year than last. Lady Jellicoe came over from Ventnor on different occasions, and Lord and Lady Mottistone and Commander and Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie appeared nearly every day with members of their respective families.

The marriage of LORD NAAS, *eldest son and heir of the Earl of Mayo, to* MISS NOEL HALIBURTON-WILSON *took place quietly in London at Caxton Hall Register Office. The bride and bridegroom are shown at Cowes.*

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You don't go to Cowes expecting to find new fashion notes, but I need hardly tell you that the Austrian peasant handkerchief style was very largely followed by yachting people as well as by the trippers. Mrs. Charles Taylor, wife of the Member for Eastbourne, is to be congratulated on thinking out a new form of "head-handkie," for hers had "Danger" embroidered by hand in one corner, and "Careful" in the other—an amusing notion which gave her friends lots to talk about when they greeted her.

Lady Hinchingbrooke's appearance on the Squadron lawn in well-cut blue "slacks" created a precedent, and a very decorative one too, for

they suited her youthful, fair beauty to perfection. She and Lord Hinchingbrooke and her mother, Mrs. Ruby Lindsay, were guests of Mr. Richard Peto at Swaines House, Bembridge, for the week.

Other people I met during the Regatta Week included Mrs. Hudson, wife of Mr. Robert Hudson, a newly elected Squadron member, and Lady Enniskillen, who was staying with Lady Forster at Lepe. Lady Gainsborough brought Lady Maureen Noel, and I saw the Duchess of Sutherland about a good deal. She undoubtedly takes the biscuit for being the woman who looks best in classic Cowes kit. She has grown very slender and was well suited by her simple navy blue suit, white woolly sweater and yachting cap.

Princess Beatrice, who pays an annual visit to the R.Y.S. to take tea with the Commodore and Lady Magdalen Williams-Bulkeley, came over as per usual, and sat with them at a table set out invitingly at the top of the grassy slopes on the lawns. Lord Albemarle entertained a party on the same afternoon and Lady Powerscourt and Mrs. Bulkeley-Johnson were also among those present, as well as Mr. George Colville and other pillars of the yachting world.

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I hear from friends in Herefordshire that Queen Mary was looking very well when she was at Eastnor with Lord and Lady Somers, and that everyone admired the all-white ensemble that she wore when she laid the foundation-stone of the Herefordshire County Council Hospital. She made several excursions into Worcestershire during her short stay at Eastnor, and Lady Somers had at least one dinner-party to which some of the members of the well-known county families of Herefordshire had the honour to be invited. The guests at one dinner included Mrs. Lucas-Scudamore, of Kentchurch Court, who was, I hear, looking particularly handsome on this occasion.

ANN DAVIES, *the youngest competitor in the Children's Class at the Arundel Park gymkhana, is seen on her pony.*

It is expected that Queen Mary may pay some visits to friends this autumn after her stay with the Princess Royal. If she honours Lord and Lady Spencer at Althorp she will find that one of the loveliest pictures in the famous Althorp collection is temporarily missing—that is the François Quesnel portrait of Mary Anne Waltham, a Lady-in-Waiting to Mary Queen of Scots, who was with her at Fotheringay. It was probably painted in Edinburgh and was one of the last pictures which Quesnel executed during his stay in Scotland. Lord Spencer lent it for exhibition in the French Art Show at Burlington House, and he has now generously allowed it to go to Paris to be shown in the splendid retrospective exhibition of Chefs d'Œuvre d'Art Français in the new Modern Art Museum on the Quai de Tokio, which no visitor to the Paris Exhibition must miss. Captain Spencer-Churchill is represented by a fine Corneille de Lyon portrait from Northwick Park, and Lord Sandwich, the Duke of Westminster, Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill, and Lord Derby are other English owners who have sent pictures.

. . . . . .

If you happen to find yourself in London when passing from one holiday resort to another—or if by any chance you are one of the people who have to stay here in August—and the afternoon is very warm, you can go to visit the John Havinden show at the London Gallery with the greatest confidence that you will keep cool there—unless, of course, you feel all Nazi and het-up about modern art, when no doubt your temperature will rise.

But ordinary people without these strong passions will find a cool gallery, white surroundings, and paintings in broad white frames very soothing. Unless you come from some place where cold winds have braced the imagination and stirred the critical faculty, then you may thirst for meanings, explanations, and context! You will ask what circles with a bar sinister, black and red coils entwined may mean? They don't want to mean anything, but are content to decorate and succeed in doing it. Further down Cork Street the Mayor Gallery's exhibition of Georges Rouault's work is hot and tempestuous, and demands your attention with no uncertain voice. Then you have the Constable Centenary show and the new Duveen Gallery at the Tate, a Sea Power exhibition at the New Burlington, and summer shows in several galleries, so art remains in the news in August-empty London.

The DUKE *and* DUCHESS OF NORFOLK *attended the local mounted gymkhana at Arundel Park, and are seen in the judging ring. The Duchess was the Hon. Lavinia Strutt, and is a bride of the year.*

My spy at Monte Carlo is very excited about the fashions she observed at the second large gala at the Sporting Club. Black Chantilly lace is "in" and adorned many of the best dresses on that occasion. Mrs. Charles Cartwright, who was hostess to a big party, had a whole dress of Chantilly lace—but not just lace, oh dear me, no; it was all striped with narrow bands of white organdie. Mrs. Basil Miles, who was in Lady (Victor) Stanley's party, wore an attractive model of stiffened black lace mounted over an accordion-pleated under-dress of shell-pink mousseline, a perfect foil for her famous necklace of Oriental (as opposed to cultured and Woolworth) pearls, which have a wonderful pinkish tinge.

Princess Jean-Louis de Faucigny-Lucinge was in black, but there was nothing dull about her dress; it served to show up her graceful figure *and* a wonderful aquamarine and diamond bracelet—huge stones in a modern setting and pear-shaped drop ear-rings to match.

"If you want to be well dressed," continues my spy, "you must concentrate on skirts and get your mind off the idea of sleeves, which so occupied the fashion-designers last season. For instance, you can have a Nile green organdie with a skirt quite eight yards around and adorned with organdie ruchings, like that worn by Miss Florence Porgès at the Sporting Club Gala at Monte Carlo, or you could follow the lead of Princess Jacqueline de Broglie, daughter of Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, and wear a fisherman's net dress; or, again, you may choose a skirt covered with appliqués of ribbons and coloured velvet, or even *felt* in gay shades on chiffon and net! However, if you don't like wide skirts, Miss Kay Norton, one of the best-dressed of Englishwomen, supports your ideas, for she had a very narrow dress of burgundy-coloured faille, which she wore with a bunch of orchids on the shoulder."

MARIEGOLD.

T.M. THE KING AND QUEEN, *accompanied by their daughters, halted at Ballater during their journey by road from Aberdeen to Balmoral for their first visit to their Highland home since their accession.* H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH *may be seen in the background.*

DÉBUTANTES WHO SHARED A CORONATION SEASON DANCE.

MISS DIANA GIFFARD *is the handsome débutante daughter of Mrs. Giffard, who gave a ball with Mrs. G. Brinley Richards during the season. Miss Diana Giffard is shown wearing a dull gold dance dress which suits her particularly well.*

Left: MISS JUNE BRINLEY RICHARDS *is the tall, fair débutante daughter of Mrs. G. Brinley Richards and was one of the most admired girls of Coronation season. Her mother joined with Mrs. Giffard in giving a dance for her and Miss Diana Giffard.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

THE FORMER MARGARET WHIGHAM AND HER BABY GIRL.

MRS. CHARLES SWEENY *(formerly Miss Margaret Whigham) is one of the most photographed of the well-known Society women of the day, but this camera-study is the first ever taken of her daughter,* FRANCES HELEN SWEENY, *whose huge eyes already promise that she will inherit her mother's famous beauty. Frances Helen was born on July 19, and has as godparents the Countess of Dumfries, Lady Bridgett Poulett, Miss Jeanne Stourton, the Marquess of Queensberry, Count John Bendern (formerly John de Forest), and Mr. Robert Sweeny, Junior.*

FERNE POLO CLUB'S AFFECTIONATE AND GREEDY DOGS; AND HORSEWOMEN.

THE FERNE POLO CLUB GYMKHANA *was a great success this year, as there was a large entry and the biggest attendance for a long time.* MISS J. LYSLEY, *a well-known club member, is competing in the Musical Chairs event.*

MISS B. KELLY *was the winner of the Polo Pony Class and the Polo Ball Scurry.*

Above: MISS J. PARHAM *is shown winning the Bareback Jumping event in style.*

Left: MISS JANE CARR *won the second prize for the Greediest Dog contest with a trio of voracious Scotties!*

The DUCHESS OF HAMILTON *gained second prize with her entry in the Most Affectionate Dog Competition, which did not give one of the "very moist" demonstrations!*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEALING.

"MISS PERFECTION"
ALIAS SANDRA STORME.

SANDRA STORME is the beautiful and much photographed English girl who has danced her way to a screen contract with Paramount, and is set for her first leading rôle—a featured part in "Sophie Lang in Hollywood." In the Californian screen world she is known as "Miss" Perfection."

NEW YORK PATTERN.

The stark beauty of the vertical lines of the New York sky-scrapers forms a striking pattern in this fine camera-study of the famous city.

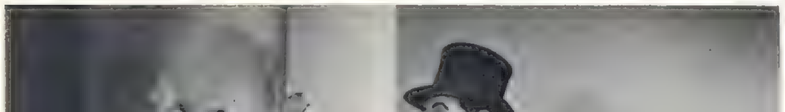
SHADOWS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SASHA.

CROWN PEARLS—IN TUDOR, NAPOLEONIC, AND "DEGAS" DRAMAS.

YVETTE PIENNE *plays the part of Queen Elizabeth of England in the new Sacha Guitry film,* "LES PERLES DE LA COURONNE," *which deals with the history of seven famous pearls through over two centuries. Mlle. Pienne speaks English throughout this French film.*

The pearls play a part in a drama of the Napoleonic period. Here Joséphine de Beauharnais, later the Empress Joséphine (JACQUELINE DELUBAC; *in private life Mme. Sacha Guitry), is holding a reception.*



In the nineteenth century the pearls are used to tempt a lovely ballerina. The still from this sequence suggests a Degas picture of life in the coulisses of a theatre of his day.

Right: Henry VIII. comes to life in this notable film, and is played by LYN HARDING, *in the English language. The film is having an enormous success in Paris, and will probably be shown in London shortly.*

YACHTING FOLK ASHORE AT COWES:

This smiling quartet from Cowes consists of LORD MOTTISTONE *(left), the* HON. LOUISE SEELY, *and* MISS TREWELLA, *with* SIR JOHN NICHOLSON, BT. *Miss Seely is the youngest daughter of Lord Mottistone.*

LADY JOAN COLVILLE, *sister of the Earl of Jersey, went to Cowes with her husband,* MR. DAVID COLVILLE, *and her brother-in-law,* MR. JOHN COLVILLE. *She is the daughter-in-law of the Hon. George and Lady Cynthia Colville.*

MISS SARAH BOWES-LYON, MRS. HUBERT MUSKER, *and* MR. J. H. L. MUSKER *are lined up to face the camera. Mrs. Musker's husband, Major H. Musker, raced "Cedora," and won the International Eight-Metre Class race.*

SIR PHILIP HUNLOKE, *who acted as skipper of King George V.'s racing yacht "Britannia" for so long, is seen with* MRS. S. STANLEY.

Left: LORD STAVORDALE *(right) and* MR. EDDIE TATHAM *were members of the house-party entertained by the* MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA.

CELEBRITIES FOOTING IT IN REGATTA WEEK.

Right: COLONEL MIDDLETON, COLONEL THE HON. HENRY GUEST, *the* HON. CHARLES RHYS, *and the* HON. MRS. CHARLES RHYS *had come ashore when they met the camera. The Hon. Charles Rhys is the elder son of Lord Dynevor.*

The crowds are here assembled to watch the Royal Yacht Squadron fire a salute in HONOUR OF THE BIRTHDAY OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, *which was on August 4.*

Left: MRS. EDWARD HODGSON *watched the racing through a long, long telescope.*

Right: MRS. C. S. TAYLOR, *wife of* MR. CHARLES STUART TAYLOR, *the Conservative Member for Eastbourne, had "Danger" embroidered on one side of her scarf-handkerchief and "Careful" on the other.*

GENIAL GRANDSON OF AN IRISH EARL.

The HON. DERMOT MOORE *is the baby son of Viscount and Viscountess Moore and grandson of the tenth Earl of Drogheda. He is obviously of a genial disposition, as this very jolly bathing snapshot shows.*

VISCOUNTESS MOORE *believes in outdoor life for her infant son, the five-months-old* DERMOT MOORE, *and is admiring him as he lies kicking on rugs in the garden of her London home.*

Another characteristic study of DERMOT MOORE, *who is eyeing the photographer with interest. His mother, Viscountess Moore, was Miss Joan E. Carr, of New York, before her marriage in 1935.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. V. SWAEBE.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MICKEY RILEY—For This Perfect Swallow-Dive.

The perfection of this swallow-dive by MICKEY RILEY, *the Los Angeles Olympic Diving Champion, 1932, has been caught by what we can honestly describe as a photograph of equal perfection. The speed, the grace, and the certainty of this dive have a classic beauty enhanced by the disorder which the rush through the air has caused in the diver's hair. The photograph was taken by the Hon. Drogo Montagu, younger son of the Earl of Sandwich.*

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

THE theatre has had good reason to dislike the Puritan, and the too righteous man has accordingly been he who gets slapped in many a play. He is the target of Messrs. G. Wynne Rushton and T. South Mack, authors of "RETURN TO SANITY," the only new contribution to this year's Malvern Festival. This piece was distinguished by the presence in the cast of Sir Cedric Hardwicke; it was also handicapped by its own presence amid the work of distinguished seniors—that is, among the works of Fielding, Shaw and Sheridan, who may surely be called embarrassing neighbours. Whether Sir Cedric will go on with it when he has finished his film contracts remains to be seen. In the meantime, he gave a very pleasant variety and warmth to the proceedings at Malvern, which are apt to be exclusively Shavian or consistently scholastic.

Some Big Ideas from "THE GUSHER," at the Prince's Theatre, are illustrated on these pages. This is the Gusher in person, with discoverers, natives and crooks in attendance. Inset may be seen a front-row stall theatre-goer—and an oil-hater.

Nobody could suggest that "Return to Sanity" challenged the highest brows. Some might complain that it catered for a brow too low. It was a mixed-up sort of piece, which hesitated between a hearty comedy about an Old Soak who gets the better at last of his righteous critics, and a melodrama in which vehement greed and horrible hypocrisy are routed by one who turns out to be a sheep in goat's clothing. As we watched two of the Fittons kicking out their kindly but self-indulgent father, and doing so with the maximum of meanness and the minimum of mercy, we could only wonder whether such wolves of piety were real. A famous critic once said, after seeing a noted actor's somewhat laboured performance of Macbeth, that it made him wonder whether even murder could be as serious as the player appeared to believe. After watching "Return to Sanity" I likewise wondered whether the virtuous characters were authentic; whether, in fact, the good could ever be as bad as all that.

However that may be, the unlikeable saints were thoroughly well played by Miss Eileen Beldon and Mr. Raymond Huntley, while the likeable sinner was in the safest possible hands. Sir Cedric created a typically vivid and amusing study of a Fitton whose daily point-to-point was bar-to-bar. Here, indeed, was a specimen of well-matured frailty, very old in bottle, as good at heart as weak in will. It is a character which always conquers. Do playgoers ever tire of the old reprobate whose virtue shines out in the end through a toper's nose, like light in a coloured lantern? These old boys always get the best of it. It is comfortable doctrine for those of us who know our age and our weakness.

It is, on the face of it, a trifle odd that a play called "THE WINTER'S TALE" should invite us to midsummer nights among the trees. However, this same wintry business has a great deal of summer in it and suits the Open Air Theatre as well as most. The court of jealous Leontes is better fitted by an indoor scene presenting hot and stuffy halls than by "soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs," but all the episodes in Bohemia are as happily played on the sward as on the stage. True, there is not much grass left on the actual, dusty daïs at Regent's Park—which is perhaps as well for the dancers, since grass is so slippery when damp—but there is plenty of greenery for back-cloth and the great, steely vault of the sky above which, if you are lucky, you may see "thick inlaid with patines of bright gold." These are not the best sounding-boards for the human voice, but they are admirable frames for the Arcadian loves of Perdita and Florizel and for the pastoral-comical of Autolycus and Clown. Mr. Carroll did not bring us any real sheep for the shearing; but there was a glimpse of the man-eating bear. If he wanted a real one the Zoo was handy, but doubtless Equity would have something to say about that! The acting honours go to Miss Fay Compton, whose Paulina is magnificent; to Mr. Jack Hawkins, who tackles the hysterical Leontes and cleverly makes his frantic jealousy seem as rational as may be; and to Mr. Leslie French, who makes Autolycus too sweet a rogue, but sings and plays so charmingly that we are perfectly content to sit and listen to old ballads and to sit and watch old revels of the rustic fair, with their jesting and cozening, thieving and lying and making of love. Miss Nina Theilade dances prettily and the ballets are unpretentiously gay.

A few years ago it seemed that spectacular melodrama had a gay and glorious past in the theatre, especially at Drury Lane, and no future whatever. The films could sink more ships, raise more earthquakes, and attend more race meetings in an hour than the theatre could manage in a month. Very well then: let the cinema take over entirely that form of entertainment in which vice and virtue grapple amid crashing cities, foundering liners, and on the precipice's brink. But, against all reason, it has turned out otherwise. The film-fed public can still dote upon the actual player and the modest counterfeit of 'quakes and crashes which the theatre provides. Mr. Ivor Novello will open with his third spectacular drama at "the Lane" on Sept. 1, and who doubts that third time will be as lucky as first and second? Meanwhile, Mr. Firth Shepherd follows up "The Frog" at Prince's, with "THE GUSHER," a tale of oil and troubled waters, concocted by Mr. Ian Hay and produced with plenty of display by Mr. Herbert Bryan. The great difficulty was to replace Mr. Gordon Harker, and that has been shrewdly met by engaging Mr. Alastair Sim, and so calling in a Scottish humour to make up for the loss of Cockney. Mr. Sim, as an ex-stoker who fears very little save woman in quest of a mate, is extremely amusing on land and water, in jury-box, auction-room, and treasure island. From this it may be derived that the piece travels largely, as all such pieces should. I can think of no desirable ingredient—murder, prison, robbery, garish night-life, shipwreck, jungle, or coveted treasure—which is missing. Mr. Ian Hay has done his job with conscientious thoroughness. The melodramatic stuff is all there, and after the strain of the first night it will probably be served a bit quicker, with a few omissions where the story seemed to lag.

Here is another Big Idea from "THE GUSHER." Clarence the Dodger (BERNARD LEE) is accompanying Robert Rutherford (IVAN SAMSON) in a leap into the Pacific. This scene is viewed, as it were, from behind the stage and done on the assumption that the note of gigantic realism is carried out even where it cannot actually be appreciated in the binocular view.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE: "VICTORIA REGINA" (Lyric). 8.30.—"JUDGMENT DAY" (Phœnix). 8.30.—"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40.—**PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING:** "A SPOT OF BOTHER" (Strand). 8.30.—"THEY CAME BY NIGHT" (Globe). 8.30.—"FLOODLIGHT" (Saville). 8.30.—"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD" (Cambridge). 8.40.—"BLACK LIMELIGHT" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—"LONDON AFTER DARK" (Apollo). 8.30.—"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—"THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE" (Savoy). 8.30.—"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON" (Comedy). 8.30.—"ST. MORITZ" (Coliseum). 2.30 and 8.15.—SHAKESPEARE'S "WINTER'S TALE" (Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park). "THE GUSHER" (Princes). 8.15.

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

THE new Paramount production at the Plaza, "EASY LIVING," belongs to the "pixilated" school of screen fare; its story of a 50,000-dollar fur coat flung by an exasperated millionaire on to the head of a penniless typist has more than a touch of moonshine madness about it. But it is a joyous picture brilliantly directed into all the twists and turns of lighthearted comedy by Mitchell Leisen and delightfully interpreted by Jean Arthur, Edward Arnold, and Ray Milland. Mr. Arnold it is who, annoyed by his wife's purchase of the costly garment, sets the ball rolling with his petulant gesture. Jean Arthur, pensively seated on a passing bus, has greatness thrust upon her by the ermine that drops from the skies and is forced to live up to it. Gossip gets busy. A girl who receives such a gift from a banker is worth knowing, so luxuries are showered upon her gratis. She subsequently causes indescribable confusion in a cafeteria and, by innocently dabbling in high finance, precipitates a Wall Street panic in which the millionaire narrowly escapes disaster. Neatly cut and moving at a lively pace, this entertaining picture boils up occasionally into slap-stick comedy, handled by Edward Arnold, fine actor that he is, with excellent judgment and with keen intelligence by Jean Arthur, who sails smoothly through hilarious situations before the fresh breeze of her humour. Her partner in romance is Ray Milland, a *jeune premier* who has already caught the public eye.

"THE SHOW GOES ON" brings Gracie Fields to the Hippodrome in a picture of somewhat uneven texture written, produced and directed by Basil Dean. The rise to footlight fame of Sally Lee, a Lancashire mill-girl, is traced in a leisurely story that starts with the last performance of a provincial pantomime, in which the temporary chorus-girl dons the cloak of the principal boy, and ends with the grand finale of a musical show at Drury Lane that is the crowning triumph of the now-famous Sally. The heroine's loyalty to a consumptive composer whose faith in his ballads and her voice has launched her on her career, forms the dramatic link to a series of episodes carefully built up around the compelling personality of the star and developed against polished backgrounds that range from a pierrot concert party on a windy beach to the finely staged departure of a troopship—with musical honours—at Southampton. Gracie Fields seizes her abundant opportunities, both grave and gay, with gallant assurance, but even her amazing vitality cannot always quicken the dialogue into more than spasmodic liveliness. The composer, sympathetically drawn by Owen Nares, seems worthy of something better than the banal melodies at which Sally's native town quite pardonably scoffs, and John Stuart, a faithful if frequently disgruntled lover, strengthens a sketchy character by the sincerity of his portrayal.

One of the very worst things that can happen at sea! While fog-bound, the "June Rose" is "stepped upon" by the biggest ship on earth.

A man's past dogs his footsteps, and a ship's, apparently, follows in her wake. *Wanderer*, a fine barque built at Salem some hundred years ago, killed a man at her launching and went from bad to worse until, as the *Albatross*, she became a slaver. Her captain, determined to reform for true love's sake, brought his bride aboard her, intending to sail for Jamaica to become a peaceful planter. His cut-throat crew thought otherwise, mutinied, and steered for Africa for a fresh cargo of "blackbirds." The history of that eventful voyage is told in "SLAVE SHIP," a robust drama of the sea, vigorously directed by Tay Garnett, whenever it swings into action, but inclined to lose pace occasionally. It catches some of the beauty of a ship under sail and much of the brutality of the old-time sailor, whilst the shipping of the hapless slaves and the frenzied, milling crowd in the hold of the doomed *Albatross* are scenes of gripping realism. Warner Baxter, a tongue-tied lover, but an autocrat on his ship, puts up a grand fight at the wheel. His rascally mate, Wallace Beery, sturdily supported by Mickey Rooney's truculent cabin-boy, adds yet another study to his gallery of genial ruffians, and Elizabeth Allan introduces feminine charm and clings to it throughout a highly coloured, spectacular sea-yarn.

By amalgamating two favourite comedy themes, the authors of "AS GOOD AS MARRIED" (New Gallery) have contrived a sophisticated entertainment that has a surface glitter emphasised by its highly polished and modernistic settings. No. 1 theme is the "marriage of convenience" contracted by Alexander Drew, fashionable architect and ardent philanderer, in order to save on his income-tax and avoid breach of promise cases. No. 2 theme is the always popular romance of employer and secretary, for it is the latter who accepts Mr. Drew's cynical proposition, being secretly in love with him and therefore hoping to turn "to-day's icicle into to-morrow's hot water." And she succeeds, after the usual complications that arise when two young people, married in name only, consider themselves at perfect liberty to live their own lives, which means, in the man's case, pursuit of his amours, and, in the woman's, retaliation with all the weapons at her command. These include a devoted admirer with a nice sense of humour, so pleasantly played by Walter Pidgeon that he seemed to me a much more likely candidate for marital bliss than the supremely egotistical and unprincipled Alexander, though John Boles does his best to persuade us of that gentleman's (I have the heroine's word for it that he is a gentleman) irresistible charm. Doris Nolan's portrayal of the efficient secretary and official wife is cleverly developed on comedy lines and the picture is smartly designed and, on the whole, entertainingly built up on its artificial foundations.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE: "LOST HORIZON" (Tivoli).—"YIDDLE WITH HIS FIDDLE" (Academy).—"KING SOLOMON'S MINES" (Gaumont, Haymarket).—"EASY LIVING" (Plaza). **FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING:** "AS GOOD AS MARRIED" (New Gallery).—"I MET HIM IN PARIS" (Carlton).—"DER AMMENKOENIG" (Studio One).—"THE DEVIL IS DRIVING" (London Pavilion).—"THE SHOW GOES ON" (Hippodrome).—"SLAVE SHIP" (Regal). **FILMS ABOVE THE AVERAGE:** "MAD GIRL" (Curzon).—"DER HERRSCHER" (Berkeley Cinema).

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"SLAVE SHIP"— A DRAMA OF THE BLACKBIRDERS.

"SLAVE SHIP," *the Twentieth Century-Fox picture at the Regal, based on George S. King's novel "The Last Slaver," is a thrilling tale of the notorious "blackbirders" of last century. Here the slave ship, the unlucky "Albatross," is leaving Africa with her cargo of negro slaves, or "blackbirds."*

The square-rigged "Wanderer" on her nefarious voyage. When launched she killed a man and she remains a "bad" ship, though renamed the "Albatross."

WALLACE BEERY *as Thompson, the old scoundrel who acts as first mate and makes countless voyages to capture negro slaves in Africa.*

The horrible cruelty of the slavers is presented on the screen. Here an African member of the cast is cowering before the brutal white traders.

Right: Another study of WALLACE BEERY *as Thompson. A romance is introduced into this stark film through the love-story of Jim and Nancy, played by Warner Baxter and Elizabeth Allan.*

CHINA IN THE NEWS—AS SEEN BY AN ENGLISH HUMORIST: EXTRACTS FROM STANDING ORDERS.

". . . If any signs of hostility are shown, libertymen must preserve their dignity and return on board. . . .": Portrait of a libertyman attending to instructions.

". . . Should the boat continue to advance after hailing . . .": The British Navy standing by.

DRAWINGS BY JOHN O'H. ASHDOWN.

T.R.H. the DUKE *and* DUCHESS OF KENT *are here seen walking through the streets of Cracow, the fine and historic capital of Poland. Last week they arrived for a short stay at Lancut, the estate of Count Potocki, where they were greeted with considerable ceremony. They travelled from the station to the castle in a State coach drawn by four horses. Colonel Beck, the Polish Minister for Foreign Affairs, and his wife accepted an invitation to the castle in a private capacity.*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

FOR the novelist of genius there are no rules. But it is possible to be an excellent novelist without genius, and I believe that the prime ingredient in the recipe is and always must be that old-fashioned and simple one—a good plot. With a thin plot you *may* succeed; with a first-rate one, failure becomes downright impossible. It is well also that your plot should be *about* something—something, I mean, more solid than the feelings and relationships of its characters. The more exciting this something is, and the more you know about it, the better start you will have. Only then you must be careful not to depend too much on the subject—the raw material—and neglect the shaping. Plot should always come first.

A Medical Odyssey.

Dr. Cronin's new book has an absorbing subject—the practise of medicine. And he knows a vast deal about it. Also he is, of course, a novelist of experience and of great ability; he has mastered (I do not mean this offensively) all the tricks. So he has a good start in every way, and "The Citadel" opens more excitingly than any novel I have come across for some time. Its hero, Andrew Manson, is a young and poor Scot, newly qualified, arriving to take up his first post as assistant to Dr. Page, in the South Wales mining town of Blaenelly. Andrew has no interest in money, apart from a stubborn Scottish determination not to be cheated; all he cares about is the job on hand. He is a passionate idealist, a glutton for work, ambitious, of course, yet willing to risk his whole future in a good cause—in these early days he blows up a leaking sewer at dead of night to stop typhoid infection. But he has a temper which is apt, at critical moments, to get the better of him. In three successive appointments he meets with bullying or obstruction, stands them as long as he can, and then one day speaks his mind and walks off. After the third time he buys a decrepit practice in Paddington. And while he is there, an old college chum happens to introduce him into a circle of West End "jackals"—medical men who give useless injections, treat imaginary diseases, remove healthy organs, split fees, advertise themselves by all kinds of humbug—batten, in short, on the folly and ignorance of rich women (most of their patients are women). When first he hears these men talking, Manson can scarcely believe his ears; yet they are all prosperous, while he, much better qualified, can just scrape a living. It ends in his joining the racket, not so much from want of backbone as in a rage. If they can succeed, he can! He *will* succeed!

Can Such Things Be?

And he does. He makes more and more money; he has a Savile Row tailor, a consulting-room in Welbeck Street, an expensive car. And the richer he grows, the richer he seems likely to grow.

But then comes a shock. One of his patients—not one of the fashionable women, but a small tradesman, ready to pay the utmost he can afford to be in good hands—has a complaint requiring a not dangerous operation; Manson hands him over, as usual, to the fee-splitting surgeon Ivory. And Ivory kills him. It was sheer bungling. Manson, sick with horror and reaction at what seems to him little better than murder, throws up the whole game, sells his fashionable practice, and resolves to start afresh along the lines of his old ideal.

As I said, the opening—all the Blaenelly period—is very exciting, and Manson himself is as convincing as he can be, from the moment when he attends his very first patient, and realises—horror of horrors!—that he doesn't know what's the matter with her. Later on, for a while, I lost touch with him. The way he comes to start fee-chasing is in character, but I really doubt if he could have kept it up half so long. Surely his blessed, redeeming temper would have prevented that; after all, it is very difficult for a man with pride and real knowledge and even a modest dose of irritability to endure or talk humbug about his own job. Andrew's wife is a dead weight throughout and a mere dummy, and the other

[Continued overleaf.

The engagement of PATRICIA, COUNTESS OF JERSEY *to Mr. Robert Filmer-Wilson was announced last week, and the marriage will take place shortly. Lady Jersey is here posed with her little daughter,* LADY CAROLINE CHILD-VILLIERS, *who was born in 1934.*

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY MARCUS ADAMS, THE CHILDREN'S STUDIO, 43, DOVER STREET.

VIRCOUNTESS SUIRDALE'S *younger children, the* HON. SARA *and the* HON. MARK HELY-HUTCHINSON, *are watching her build a house; and are singing nursery rhymes. Hans the Dachshund views the photographer with a slightly suspicious eye. Lady Suirdale was Miss Dorothy Jean Hotham, and is the wife of the Earl of Donoughmore's heir. She was married in 1925, and her elder son, the Hon. Richard Hely-Hutchinson, is at school.*

LADY CECILIA SMILEY, *younger daughter of Clare, Countess Cowley, and wife of Mr. John Smiley, brother of Sir Hugh Smiley, Bt., grows flowers on the balcony of her London house. She lived in the country before her marriage, and is a dog-lover. Jim and Boysie, her constant companions, are posed with her in front of her favourite piece of French furniture, on which stands a fine Sèvres vase.*

YOUNG-MARRIEDS IN THEIR LONDON HOMES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JANE HAYDON.

Continued.]

characters are presented only in outline. But the main fault of the book is this: Dr. Cronin has allowed his subject to do what subjects are only too apt to do—swamp the plot. He has a great deal to say about medical practice, and he is determined to say it all; as a result, the tale loses grip, becomes episodic. We launch out magnificently, as for a precise although unknown destination, and then find that we are not, after all, meant to get anywhere — we are on a conducted tour round the medical world. The conductor is very savage, and well worth listening to—he greatly intensifies one's normal desire to keep fit, though it is not for a layman to judge of the fairness of his indictment. "The Citadel" would undoubtedly be a better novel if it were not a pamphlet, and I rather feel it would be a better pamphlet if it were not a novel; but whatever it may be called, and with all its faults, it gives one plenty to chew on, and that, after all, is a very satisfactory quality.

MRS. BEN LEVY, *better known, perhaps, under her stage name of Constance Cummings, has been enjoying the lovely weather at Le Touquet. She is a keen lawn-tennis player and has been putting in a lot of practice while on holiday with her husband.*

The Yorkshire Lunns Again. "Sally Lunn" suffers from excess of background to a much greater degree—it does not even begin to have a plot, and what it has (forgive the bull) is not interesting. But here again there is compensation—a homely kind of moral charm, and an obvious genuineness. The Lunns' discussions on whether or not they should leave Bramblewick for the more prosperous fishing town of Burnharbour go on and on; but though very slow, they are at least about something. The Lunns themselves are not strongly individualised—they remain to the last rather people one has happened to meet than people one knows; still, they are obviously honest, good people. There are two set pieces—in one the Lunns' motor coble goes to the rescue of a ship in a fog, in the other their fishing-boat catches fire—and both are very well done. In short, we have, if not a real story, at least a pleasant, sympathetic *genre* picture. And when the Lunns finally make up their own and each other's minds what to do, we feel relieved for them, as for acquaintances whose indecision has certainly made them a little tiresome, but whom we like all the same.

Zenda With a Difference. Mr. Madox Ford's theme appears to be, but is not, an old favourite. On his arrival in Paris, a young American doctor is kidnapped to impersonate the restored King of France, whom he resembles, and who has just been assassinated. *We* know the truth all along; but the doctor's travelling companions, Cassie and ex-Chief Inspector Penkethman, of Geneva, are in an agony of suspense, and batter long and loud on the blank wall of officialdom to find out about him. They both strike one as very slow in the uptake, particularly—considering his vocation—the ex-inspector. Mr. Ford's writing always has quality, but in a tale of this kind the essential is to keep moving, and the author's culture and modernism (if any) should be left in the background. "Vive Le Roy" tends to neglect these rules, and therefore does not entirely come off. But it has its moments.

Multiple Murder. Detection-fans can count on Mr. Rhode for good, honest work, and here is another sample. Sir Andrew Wiggenhall, chairman of Porslin, Ltd., the multiple ironmongers, is killed by an explosion in his own house—killed by accident, the jury decides, but Dr. Priestley is not so sure. Not long afterwards, another member of the board dies "by misadventure." And then . . . And then . . . There is nothing like the "successive murder" plot, if ably handled, for keeping one on tenterhooks—*who* will it be next? And then, as we see the doom approaching—*how* will it be? Mr. Rhode's handling is extremely able; we are not required, however, to rack our brains much about "who did it." Quite soon the author allows it to become obvious what the motive is, and it is no very hard task to pick the criminal. Mr. Rhode has always been straightforward in method, and he gets much more effect here than if he had left us more in the dark. The criminal's ingenious scientific devices just suit Dr. Priestley, who makes himself very useful—as it is but right he should, to atone for his somewhat offensive manner.

K. J.

MRS. DE ROUGEMONT, *who was at Le Touquet during the Bank Holiday week-end, is well suited by her striped jersey and well-cut trousers.*

Mr. Leslie Hartley is on holiday, but, on his return in a few weeks' time, he will resume his usual work as our reviewer.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Citadel. By A. J. Cronin. (*Gollancz; 8s. 6d.*)
Sally Lunn. By Leo Walmsley. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)
Vive Le Roy. By Ford Madox Ford. (*Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.*)
Death on the Board. By John Rhode. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)

THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

NORTHWARDS to Scotland—and for the next few weeks your success, social as well as sartorial, will depend upon your tweeds, for no one can be more unpopular than the woman who insists on dressing in bright colours when the moors are wearing their sober autumn hues.

Bernard Weatherill, of 55, Conduit Street, London, W., have designed and made this suit in a peat-brown and beige checked tweed, subtly interwoven with green threads. Its cut and general line is flawless, and their reputation, built up so surely, is sufficient guarantee of its practicability. It can, of course, be made in any sort of tweed or suiting, and would look grand in any of their new autumn materials. Remember, too, that Bernard Weatherill is an expert at making riding clothes for children as well as for men and women.

WHITE is always lovely for summer evenings—but it never really imperils the popularity of black. In the picture below you can see two dresses, absolutely opposed in line as well as in colour, but both full of individuality and charm.

The girl in the foreground wears a black chiffon frock, draped about the waist, where it is very simply knotted at the front and about the shoulders, with a long cascading frill down the back. Over it is worn a loose black chiffon coat, trained, like the dress, with a bolero top of silver fox. Perfect on anybody, and absolutely ageless.

The white suit, by contrast, is almost severe, but it is extremely distinguished. Made in a heavy crêpe, it has touches of vivid print at the neck and in the folded revers of the jacket, which is left open and reaches to the waist. Both these models come from Jacqmar.

JOHN EVERARD.

FOR the owner of a beautiful figure—the white dress photographed above. Made in heavy embroidered lace, without any seams at all, it just appears to have been woven as a second skin, except where it spreads in graceful folds about the feet. Its rich simplicity makes it a dress with which to wear lovely jewels. This, too, comes from Jacqmar, of 16, Grosvenor Street, W.

STAR-SPANGLED SOUTHERN NIGHTS.

On a Cruise, or Down South, after Lazy Days, it's Fun to Dress up at Nights.

HERE, in the dress on the right, white is used as a background for splashes of most brilliant colour, and the waist is girdled with a scarlet, purple and green cord. The whole of the bodice is gauged into the high neck and sleeve bands, and at the back there is a deep oblong cut-out. This model, from Konski, of 46, Dover Street, W., is unusual and supremely effective.

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

GOLFING holidays and holiday golf are such entirely different things that the only analogy between them is that both include the fraternity of golfers. At the moment this fraternity is engaged in holiday-making and, though I know of many famous players who declare that they will not include golf in their holiday programme, I doubt very much whether their resolve will hold good. Others are making use of the season to engage in a golfing holiday. I know of nothing more delightful than that for those who are keen, even though indifferent, golfers. To set forth in a car bound for nowhere in particular, to explore courses whenever one comes across them, and to include one or two famous links in the tour is to enjoy golf to the full.

Holiday golf is another thing altogether and, strangely enough, often includes just as much golf as a golfing holiday, perhaps even more. Setting out on a holiday, you may decide to include your golf clubs in your luggage in case you need them. Arriving at your destination, a round of golf may appear to be the thing to do before dinner, frequently with the result that a great part of the holiday is spent on the links, which offer such attractive charm. Again I am speaking from experience so am qualified to advise everybody who plays golf to take golf clubs whenever practicable when going on holiday.

From Holiday to Work.

It may be a little disconcerting when one breaks a holiday to watch a championship, as I did recently. I went from "somewhere on Exmoor" to County Antrim to watch the play in the Irish Open Championship, and came away from the Royal Portrush links with a rather contemptuous regard for my own golfing ability. The Irish Open served to confirm the opinion that British professional golf has reached an amazingly high standard. The Royal Portrush links has been reconstructed and is a masterpiece of green architecture. That it is one of the finest links in Great Britain is confirmed by the competitors in that championship, and even those who were beaten by its difficulties and its subtleties were unsparing in their tribute to Portrush. It is an ideal centre for a golfing holiday. The unbounded beauty of the Antrim coast, with Giants' Causeway at the other end of the bay, with the Mull of Kintyre and the Isle of Islay in the distance, and the golf course itself, which seems to have been carved out of a range of sandhills, compel admiration and offer every excuse for taking your eye off the ball. Along the side of the links rattles an electric tramway, which travels along the edge of precipitous cliffs between the little town of Portrush and Giants' Causeway. This I believe to be the first electric tramway that ever existed and even though the "rolling stock" might tend to prove this contention, I can testify that a journey on the tramway is worth while—one is so lost in admiration of the scenery, that any discomfort is forgotten.

Golf was established in Spain before the Civil War—now club-houses and courses have become military centres! Our photograph shows a Government militiaman standing outside what was once the Caddie Master's house; for this particular course near Barcelona has been transformed into one of the biggest training camps for Government volunteers.

Open Championship in Ireland?

As for the famous links, there is at the moment one drawback. The first and the eighteenth holes are situated on an undulating triangle of land, together with the historic club-house. The remaining sixteen holes are across a road and run along the seaboard. Sentiment more than necessity has in the past caused the two holes to be retained, but soon it is hoped that they may be disposed of and two new ones built out towards the end of the course. A new club-house is planned beside what is now the second teeing ground, and the present seventeenth will become the eighteenth. When that is done Royal Portrush will further establish a claim to having a course fit for the Open Championship. I have long maintained that the Open should be played in Ireland once in four years at least, and, with adequate modern facilities for travel, Ireland is no more inaccessible than some of the courses on which the championship is played at present, while the links bear favourable comparison.

MISS DIANA FISHWICK *is one of the celebrated golfers who have been enjoying some games at Le Touquet. She is posed, wearing a little Chinese-style straw hat, with* LADY PRESCOTT, *wife of Sir George Prescott, Bt., in the club-house verandah.*

But of the play in the Irish Open one can safely say it was remarkably good. The old record of the course was not only beaten, it was obliterated. It stood at 71, but there were more than 20 scores below that and the record established at 67 by James Adams, who finished second in one of the finest tussles of the season. Adams had every reason to be disappointed, for from the time he led the field with his record-breaking first round until his final indifferent round of 75, he headed the list. He would undoubtedly, have won even then but for one of the most amazing exhibitions of golfing wizardry I have seen for a long time. Bert Gadd, professional at West Cheshire club, was five strokes behind Adams with one round remaining to be played and naturally was not expected to win. He was playing just behind the Hoylake professional, and with two holes to play needed par figures for these for a 72, which would have given him an aggregate three more than Adams. It is just possible to reach the seventeenth green with two perfect shots, the hole measuring 530 yards. Gadd hit a drive and number two iron and he holed the putt of between seven and eight yards for a 3. Now he needed a par four to tie at the eighteenth, for which the scratch score is a five. It measures only 430 yards, but it is uphill all the way and demands two extremely well played and controlled shots to reach the green. Again Gadd played them like a master, laid the ball five yards from the flag and holed the putt. I shall remember these as the six most perfect shots ever played in succession, and Gadd thoroughly deserved his success. He had a last round of 69 and won by a stroke.

Holiday Golf Lessons.

This may not appear to have anything to do with the holiday-making golfer, but it has. Gadd is one of those who never in their life have had a golf lesson. He and his three golfing brothers, one of whom is in India, learnt to play on Malvern Common when they were schoolboys. They are entirely self-taught. I cannot honestly advocate similar golfing education for those who wish to become proficient; it all depends upon natural aptitude. I strongly advise those who may be attracted to the course for the first time during the holiday period to take one or two lessons, because it is absolutely essential to begin right, and bad habits are so easily formed and so difficult to eradicate in the golfer.

I.25

how
to write it
and yet
not
hurt his feelings ? . . .

ever noticed
how
a cigarette
will help you
over
this
difficult problem ? . . .

seeming
to marshal
your chaotic thoughts
into
lovely
smooth
easy-running phrases.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"WE are now taking you over to the cinema market," the broker announced, running the tape through his fingers. "They 're steady; that 's all you can say."

"Why don't people like cinema shares?" asked Our Stroller.

"I don 't quite know. We outsiders are treated to stories of money being simply poured out in the production of pictures, and we just can't see how any industry will stand such expense."

"Certainly no expense is spared."

"Do you think that the film-stars actually receive the salaries they 're said to get?"

"Not being a publicity agent, ignorance compels me to admit that I don't know," replied The Visitor.

"I 'm still at a loss to understand why it is that more people do not take more financial interest in cinema shares," Our Stroller persisted.

"Put bluntly," replied the partner, "they are not popular. The public fear——"

"Some of the shares are all right," said the broker. "But the others are not everybody's money, as it were."

"I suppose you 'd prefer insurance shares, or electric supply, or something like that?"

"Sarcasm slips off me like seaweed from a jellyfish's back. Pay me a film-star's salary, and I 'll admit that you are doing the sensible thing. But so long as you spend fantastic sums upon other people—however clever they may be—for doing a very ordinary job, I will keep my money in War Stock."

"You will not stop going to the pictures, I hope?"

"Oh, I 'm not prejudiced against the screen, I can assure you. All I say is that there are investments which appeal to me as being safer. That 's all."

"The new Odeon 5 per cent. debenture is standing at 3½ discount," remarked Our Stroller. "It came out at 99, didn't it?"

"That 's so. And I should say the stock isn't a bad buy at 95½, provided you don't mind taking the ordinary risk that cinema stocks carry."

"But a debenture is rather different, don't you think? If Odeon debenture should happen to drop to 5 discount——"

"It 's hardly likely to."

"No, but if it does, I should feel inclined to have a thousand pounds of it."

"Is that a limit?"

"Yes. Or—wait a minute. Make a note to let me know, without taking it as a firm order."

"Right you are. In our markets, nobody knows what may happen."

"Our markets are a good deal better than they were a month ago," remarked the partner. "I don't mind being a bull of things in these days. This time last month, I was frightened of my own financial shadow."

"I think you all were," Our Stroller told him. "If you said 'Buy,' it was in such a hesitating way that we poor clients were afraid to take your tips."

"Funny, isn't it," said the broker, "how the atmosphere changes so quickly and so completely? For no apparent reason, markets are as dull as mud one minute, and as cheerful as children the next."

"Yet there must be a reason," Our Stroller maintained. "The change doesn't come about simply from turning a handle backward on a Tuesday and forward on a Wednesday."

"I 've been a member of this House," said the broker, looking round it, "since the beginning of the century——"

"After the Fire of London, then?"

The broker fought back his yearning to say that the plague was still with us and, instead:

"What do you think of the Stock Exchange, now that you 're in it?" he quietly asked The Visitor.

"I 'm petrified with terror of being chucked out," was the whispered reply. "It 's—it 's rather alarming."

"Rather noisy," said Our Stroller, in reassurance of his own personal tremors.

They were standing by the long desk in front of the Foreign Market telegraph office. The Visitor could see only a small part of the House from here, but he was too frightened to venture any farther.

"Is it anything like you had imagined the Stock Exchange to be?" the broker asked him.

"It 's larger, I think. And there 's more noise than I expected. What vast pillars you 've got!"

"All the better to crush your hopes with, my dear. Look through this opening; you can see the Kaffir Market dome. Rather fine, don't you think?"

"Is that the whispering gallery running round it?"

"You 're thinking of somewhere else, aren't you? There is a gallery up there, but I 've never seen it used."

"Why don't you let the public come in? They could stand in the gallery and look down."

"Let the public come into the Stock Exchange? My dear Sir, you mustn't say anything like that in here."

"Why not?"

"'Why not?' Because one of the Managers or the Committee might overhear you."

"What then?"

"Shot at dawn, for a certainty. Excuse me a second; there 's a man I want to speak to." And off he shot.

Our Stroller and The Visitor turned half-right, listening to the talk that went on all around them.

"Get many of these?" said a young fellow, holding out a wire. "We 've had any amount lately."

The other man read the telegram. "That 's what they all ask," he replied. "I should think the Telegraph Office keeps a printed form: 'Are blank blank any good for stagging?'"

"Do you play at that yourself?"

"A bit. I 've made about a pony towards my holiday. But I go very small, you know. See your way?"

"Some of our people have been taking their profits on Beechams and putting the money into these things." He nodded vaguely at the South African market.

"My boss helped himself to Sub-Nigel and Crowns last month. Did well out of them, too. He 's a weird old bird, but I 'll give him his due in knowing when to get in."

"Does he know when to sell though? That 's the hard part of our business, to my mind."

". . . the two West Wit. babies," another man was saying, "Libanon and Venterspost. Of their kind, good gambles. I don't know that I wouldn't rather have the latest one, Blyvoor. They tell me to buy them."

"Not for the widow and orphan."

"Good heavens, no! If the widow and orphan insist upon having mining shares——"

"Which they shouldn't."

"Most certainly they shouldn't. But from the investment point of view, in this market I should say that Geduld and Daggafontein are as good as anything. Oh! Curse this confetti!"

He ducked to avoid the passing shower, and disappeared. Our Stroller caught a tip from a broker:

"Phœnix Prince. But what are they?"

"Rhodesian," answered the jobber he addressed. "Phœnix Prince is a baby of Globe and Phœnix. The developments are good and the company has plenty of cash."

"You think I ought to have some P.A.?"

"I do, but only if you are content to put them away and wait for a good profit. It 's a mine, of course, and you never know what there is in the ground."

"Or what there isn't."

"Equally true. As a gamble, I believe they are useful things to lock up. If——"

". . . takes the heart right out of you," another broker declared. "I swore that I 'd never buy another West African as long as I live; that market has let me down time and again."

"I know; and then you get a strong tip, and all your good resolutions are scattered like the ripe seeds from a rubber tree. What have you fallen for this time?"

The other member laughed. "We 're all the same, aren't we? I bought myself Lyndhurst. Just for a turn. There ought to be sixpence or ninepence in them and they don't cost much money."

"What 's the attraction? Isn't Konongo one of the Lyndhurst pups?"

"Yes, and Konongo is turning out so well as to make the other Lyndhurst properties look what the papers call promising."

"Spec., I suppose?"

"Purely. Good one, and from what I 'm told——"

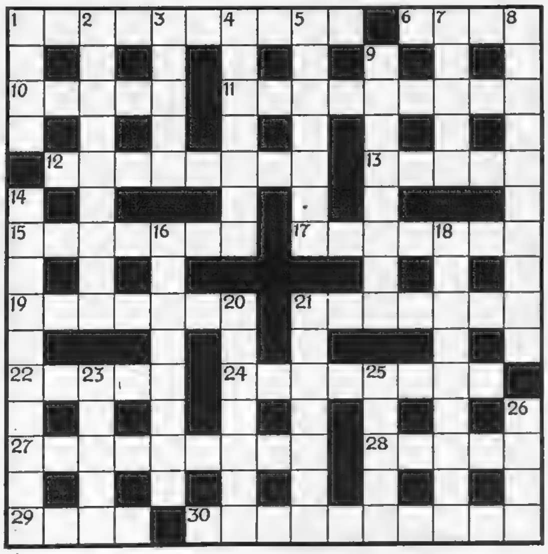
Our Stroller touched The Visitor lightly on the arm. "Waiter!" he exclaimed.

"Thanks, but I don't think I will just——"

"Stock Exchange waiter, you ass! Here—this door. Quick! Can you make it?"

They did, and with one split second to spare. *Friday, Aug. 6, 1937.*

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Of course, it 's quite of secondary importance, but is bus turned round before the account of the day's doings? (10).
6. Change colour and become poetical (4).
10. You can do it to road or cheque (5).
11. Collection or tender party (9).
12. Hot port starts this nose—or is it doze?—trouble (8).
13. Beverage (5).
15. Finding leading club in middle (7).
17. Flower (7).
19. Deeds quite common in the Law Courts (7).
21. Is this one of the lines they use when they leave the doomed ship? (7).
22. Cut in Anagram (5).
24. Weather report appealing to taxi-drivers (two words; 2 and 6).
27. Again lost when the exile 's feeling is changed (9).
28. Can a violinist do it for a note misplaced? (5).
29. Overcast (4).
30. Struck with a heavy-headed stick (10).

DOWN.

1. Covers little more than a foot (4).
2. Daringly vulgar actors in a wireless item (9).
3. Author of "Peer Gynt." (Now, careful, you musicians!) (5).
4. Pressing business (7).
5. A decline is indicated (7).
7. Not *sotto voce* but still permitted (5).
8. Architect of castles in Spain? (Hyphen; 3 and 7).
9. A missile for a real good fellow to have innings with (8).
14. Such circumstances indicate poverty (10).
16. Not a mail boat (8).
18. False feathers in a recumbent posture (two words; 5 and 4).
20. Part of Africa (7).
21. Man's name (7).
23. Kind of organ (5).
25. In double quick time (5).
26. Look after tenpence (4).

This England . . .

Stonehenge, Wilts.

QUARREL we would not with the line—" what should they know of England who only England know?" But let it be said, and firmly, that he who knows this England, knows much. What d'ye seek—the monuments of eld? Menhir and cromlech, monolith and circle, we have them all. What d'ye lack—summer snow or winter flowers? They are here. Strange meats is it you need for your comfort—then try lardy johns or a lamprey stew. And the " wine of the country"? Out of the soil that bred you, ripened in the climate that made you strong, come resinous hop and golden barley blended for your delight by an ancient craft—what fitter than Worthington, that waits everywhere upon your rovings in this pleasant land.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

MOTOR DICTA.

By H. E. SYMONS.

TRADITION, which in Britain plays so large a part in the making of our laws, cuts no ice in Belgium. The fact that feet were made before wheels is not allowed to impair the efficiency of the Belgian highway system or the safety of road-users. The Belgian Highway Code was recently completely revised to suit modern conditions, with the result that the pedestrian has the first right to the footpath, but not to the road. Two-and-a-half million francs also have just been spent on making cycle-tracks along the sides of the principal main roads, and the use of these tracks is compulsory. If a cyclist meets with an accident through being on the roadway instead of on the track, he is entirely to blame and can make no claim against the driver of any other vehicle with which he may have entered into a collision. Where there is no track provided, cyclists are compelled to ride in single file.

If a pedestrian walks thoughtlessly, causing a car to swerve and collide with another vehicle, then the pedestrian is liable for damages. This was a decision reached recently in the Brussels courts as the result of a test case. The no-hooting ban applies in all Belgian towns not only during the night, but all through the day as well. There has been no increase in the number of accidents since this regulation was brought out, and road-users and those whose offices or houses overlook streets, find life much more restful than they did in the nerve-shattering days when unrestricted hooting was the vogue. Pedestrians and cyclists look up and down the road before they attempt to cross it, for they know that no warning blast of a motor-car horn will advise them of an approaching vehicle. All this I discovered recently when finishing up a ten-day tabloid tour of Europe, in the course of which I visited five countries. I also had my first experience of one of the wonderful new German motorways, the Reichsautobahn from Karlsruhe to Frankfurt. This has two wide carriage-ways, one for "up" and one for "down" traffic, separated by a grass strip planted with attractive shrubs. The road is barred to all except private cars and fast lorries. There are no cross-roads, steep hills or sharp bends, and one is given a whole kilometre's warning of the turning for a town, one side or the other of the motorway. One is even warned a good 500 yards ahead of the crossings where deer are accustomed to make their way to their drinking-places, while in attractive scenery special run-in car parks are arranged, with substantial wooden tables and benches where motorists can enjoy roadside picnics.

Road-building and road-improving seem, in fact, to be in full swing all over Europe. My journey took me by a brand new road over the Col de l'Iseran, which is the highest motorable pass in the Alps. The road reaches an altitude of 9078 ft., which is about 30 ft. higher than the notorious Stelvio, in Italy. So well graded is the new pass that it can be negotiated on top and third gears by most large and medium-powered cars. I drove over the Col de l'Iseran in an 18/80-h.p. Wolseley, mostly on third gear, with occasional spells of top and dropping only into second for sharp turns. I was interested to observe that, despite the rarefied air at this great height, the carburation of the Wolseley was not affected at all, and the cooling was excellent throughout. Besides the Col de l'Iseran, we climbed the Col de Galibier, the Furka and various other passes, totalling some 40,000 ft., and averaging 200 miles a day for ten days. This, I think, shows what a very nice motor-car the 18/80-h.p. Wolseley is for Continental touring, for the cooling is adequate for the stiffest mountain climbs, the brakes perfect on the longest descent, and the steering lock is such that the sharpest Alpine hair-pin can be negotiated without reversing. The springing, too, is particularly good, thanks to the finger-tip control of the shock-absorbers.

The "FLYING STANDARD NINE" is a big car in miniature. It has a two-door all-steel body, comfortable seating for four, a flush-fitting sunshine roof, a four-speed synchromesh gear-box, and 12-volt electrical equipment. It attains a maximum speed of over 60 m.p.h., with a fuel consumption of 36 m.p.g., and the price for the normal saloon is only £152 10s., while a saloon de luxe costs £162 10s.

THE 1938 ROVERS.

As was the case last year, the Rover Company have made no changes merely for the sake of change. Accordingly, the models which are being produced for 1938 vary only in detail and equipment and no alterations in general design have been made. The whole of the Rover range is being continued, and I notice, amongst other items, that Avon Duo Tread tyres will be fitted. It is claimed that these give a very big mileage and help to reduce running costs. D.W.S. hydraulic jacks are included in the specifications of the 16-h.p. and 20-h.p. models.

During a recent visit to the Rover Works, I was impressed by the great size of the factory. It is not intended, however, to go in for mass production, and the output of Rover cars is likely to remain more or less what it has been during the current year. The latest methods of manufacture have been introduced, however, so that the Rover Company will continue to produce cars of the high quality for which they are so well known. The rise in the cost of materials during the past few months has caused a slight increase in prices, but we understand that these additions only represent the extra cost of production to the manufacturer. The least expensive car in the range is the 10-h.p. saloon at £255, the most expensive is the 20-h.p. Sports Saloon at £425, while the very popular 14-h.p. Saloon sells at £320.

A LIGHT "STRAIGHT EIGHT" DAIMLER SALOON *is here shown at Winsford, in Somerset. This model combines a dignified town carriage with a high-speed touring car. The Daimler fluid flywheel transmission gives a top speed range of 5-90 m.p.h., with the same traditional silence and silky performance at all speeds. The price is £995.*

At Marshall & Snelgrove . . . .

Early Autumn MILLINERY

Specially Priced during August

20/-

"Polga"

"POLGA." *An Autumn Hat with a new type brim that rolls off the face and is easily adjusted to suit the wearer without becoming 'floppy,' in wide-ribbed corduroy. Colours: black, brown, beige, navy, blue, green, red, wine, rust, white and grey.*

Sent on approval.

OUR Tourneur Salon will be delighted to design for you an individual 'make-up' so that you look your best in these new hats. There is no charge for this service.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE OXFORD STREET W·1·

"Ivanhoe"

"IVANHOE." *An 'off-the-forehead' cap, with a tiny inset of net and a perky bow that gives a dramatic effect. In wide-ribbed corduroy. Colours: black, brown, beige, navy, blue, green, red, wine, rust and grey.*

Sent on approval.

"LANDSCAPE." *We have designed this new swagger hat for sports, country and motoring. It is in a new wide-ribbed corduroy, with a novel band of petersham. Colours: black, brown, beige, navy, blue, green, red, wine, rust, white and grey.*

Sent on approval.

"Landscape"

A fine example of modern Indian architecture—the Town Hall, Hyderabad.

IN the last few years life in the key cities of India has progressed to a degree comparable to that of the Western World . . . with hotels and clubs providing comfort, cuisine and amenities equal at least to the finest hotels in Europe.

Picturesque beyond imagination, India, fantastic land of mystics and antiquity, is the Valhalla of the intelligent tourist and treasure store for the man of business seeking new outlets for his goods.

Mix business with the greatest experience on earth—go to INDIA.

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BRITISH INSULATED CABLES LIMITED, PRESCOT, LANCS.

"BLACK & WHITE"

SCOTCH WHISKY

In every part of the world where Society foregathers to entertain or to be entertained, knowledgeable people ask for "Black & White" Scotch Whisky. The marked preference for this fine old blend is the surest evidence of its rare quality and delightful flavour.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCXI.

ON PLAYING HIGH CARDS.

HAVE you ever noticed the regularity with which many bridge players, when trying to set up a more or less ragged suit, lead the highest card of that suit from dummy? This practice, no doubt, is just following on the one-time hard and fast rule about leading high from two or three, and the highest from any number in partner's suit. This was always a bad rule, anyway, and it is absurd to apply it when playing the dummy hand. The following example will show:

Spades—Kn, 4, 3, 2.
Hearts—Q, Kn, 4, 3, 2.
Clubs—K, Q.
Diamonds—K, 2.
B

Y: Spades—10, 5. Hearts—A, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6. Clubs—6, 5, 4. Diamonds—A, 3.

Z: Spades—A. Hearts—5. Clubs—Kn, 10, 9, 8, 7. Diamonds—Q, Kn, 10, 9, 8, 7.

A
Spades—K, Q, 9, 8, 7, 6.
Hearts—K.
Clubs—A, 3, 2.
Diamonds—6, 5, 4.

The contract was four spades by A. Y led the ace and three of diamonds. B (dummy) won with the king and led the *knave* of trumps; Z took, returned a diamond, which Y ruffed with the ten and led the ace of hearts, so A was one down. That *knave* of trumps lead! Why? From his own holding it is immaterial what trump is led, but in dummy this knave is invaluable—it must be retained to over-ruff Y in diamonds, which ruffing proposition is fairly obvious. A small trump led from the table makes game a practical certainty.

There was a second incident in this hand which is worth quoting. It so happened that Z dealt, but A opened the bidding with one spade. The out-of-turn bid was challenged, and then Z bid one diamond; A one spade; Y, two hearts; I was B and, of course, was debarred from bidding; Z, three diamonds. A, no bid; Y, no bid; *now* I was in the bidding, so I said three spades, which my partner raised to game. The point is that, under the circumstances, Y was very foolish to bid. On the first round by law I (B) had to pass, so if both Y and Z pass, the play remains in one spade, making, at any rate, the game safe; but the moment Y makes a bid, the out-of-turn bidder gets a second bid, and, what really matters, his partner now comes into the auction, and the harmless contract of one spade may—and in this case did—become a game bid. I am all in favour of defensive bids and over-calling an opening bidder, but this only in an attempt to stave off opponent's game bid; here, *by law*, opponents were pushed out of game, and I think Y ran an unnecessary risk and would have been better advised to play "safety first" and to have kept quiet. Actually, as shown, YZ picked up 50 points, but (also as shown) they ought to have lost the equivalent to 420, which is a very different affair.

Z

B: Spades—A, x, x. Hearts—10, 3, 2. Clubs—Q, x, x, x. Diamonds—Q, Kn, x.

A: Spades—x, x, x. Hearts—A, Q, Kn, 9, 8, 7. Clubs—A, x. Diamonds—A, K.

Y

A is playing four hearts. Y led the king of spades. Here A can lose two spades, one heart, and one club. If he catches the king of hearts he will lose only two spades and one club. Should he, therefore, put up the ace of spades and lead the ten of hearts (trumps) and let it run? Certainly not. By that play he is banking his all on catching the king of trumps. That ten of hearts is an *entry* into dummy, so the two must be led, the finesse taken, and if it fails, so much the better, for now game is assured by throwing a loser from declarer's hand on the queen of diamonds. Actually, the ten of trumps was led; B made his singleton king and defeated the contract.

Here is a double dummy problem which to an extent carries out this principle of play—at least, it exemplifies the necessity of keeping cards of re-entry.

Spades—A, K, 2.
Hearts—3, 2.
Clubs—A, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6.
Diamonds—9, 8.
B

Y: Spades—10, 5, 4. Hearts—Q, Kn, 10, 9, 8. Clubs—Q, 3, 2. Diamonds—K, 2.

Z: Spades—Q, 3. Hearts—7, 6, 5, 4. Clubs—Kn, 5, 4. Diamonds—Q, 6, 5, 4.

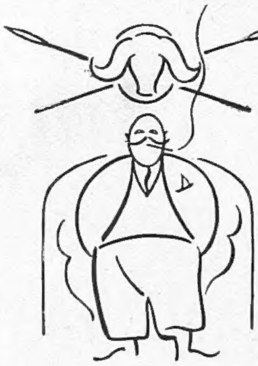
A
Spades—Kn, 9, 8, 7, 6.
Hearts—A, K.
Clubs—K.
Diamonds—A, Kn, 10, 7, 3.

The contract is six spades by A. Y leads the queen of hearts.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, AUG. 4.

Across.—1. Brussels. 5. Situ. 8. Liegeman. 9. Scab. 11. Simulation. 14. Clinic. 15. Stress. 17. Sacred fire. 20. Odin. 21. Titulary. 22. So-so. 23. Caryatid.

Down.—1. Bala. 2. Ulex. 3. Sterilizer. 4. League. 6. Inclines. 7. Urbanise. 10. Canterbury. 12. Scissors. 13. Biscuits. 16. Africa. 18. Halt. 19. Wynd.



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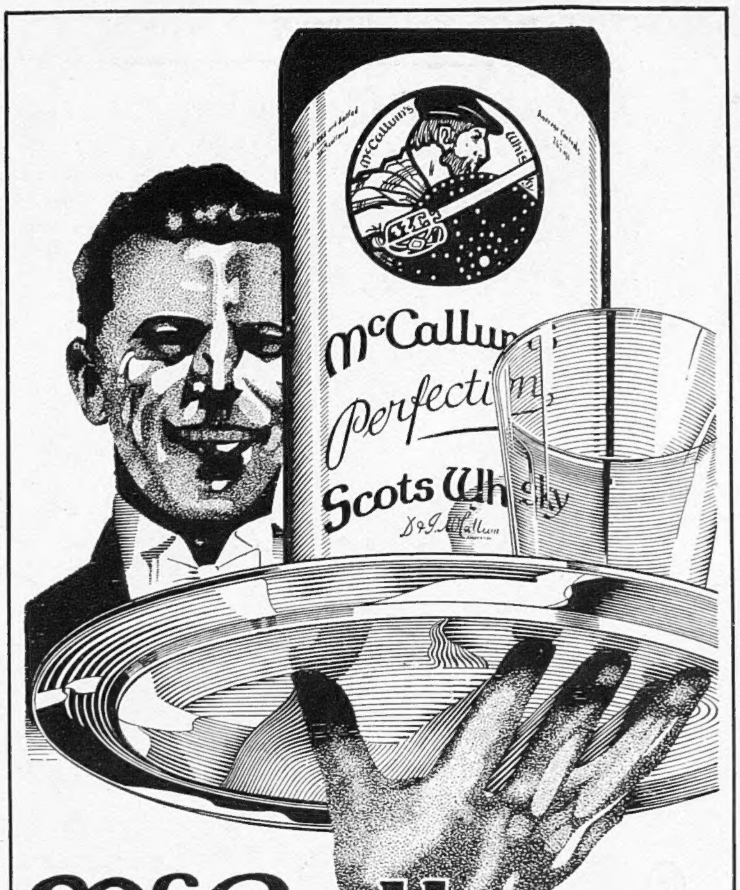

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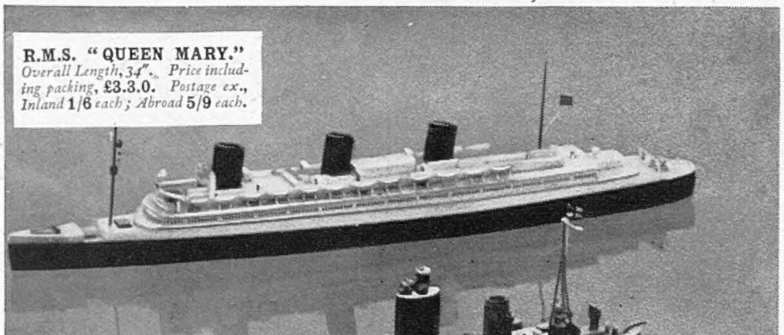

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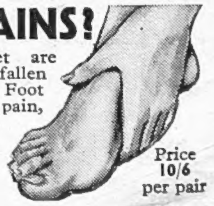

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